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DECEMBER
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SLUG

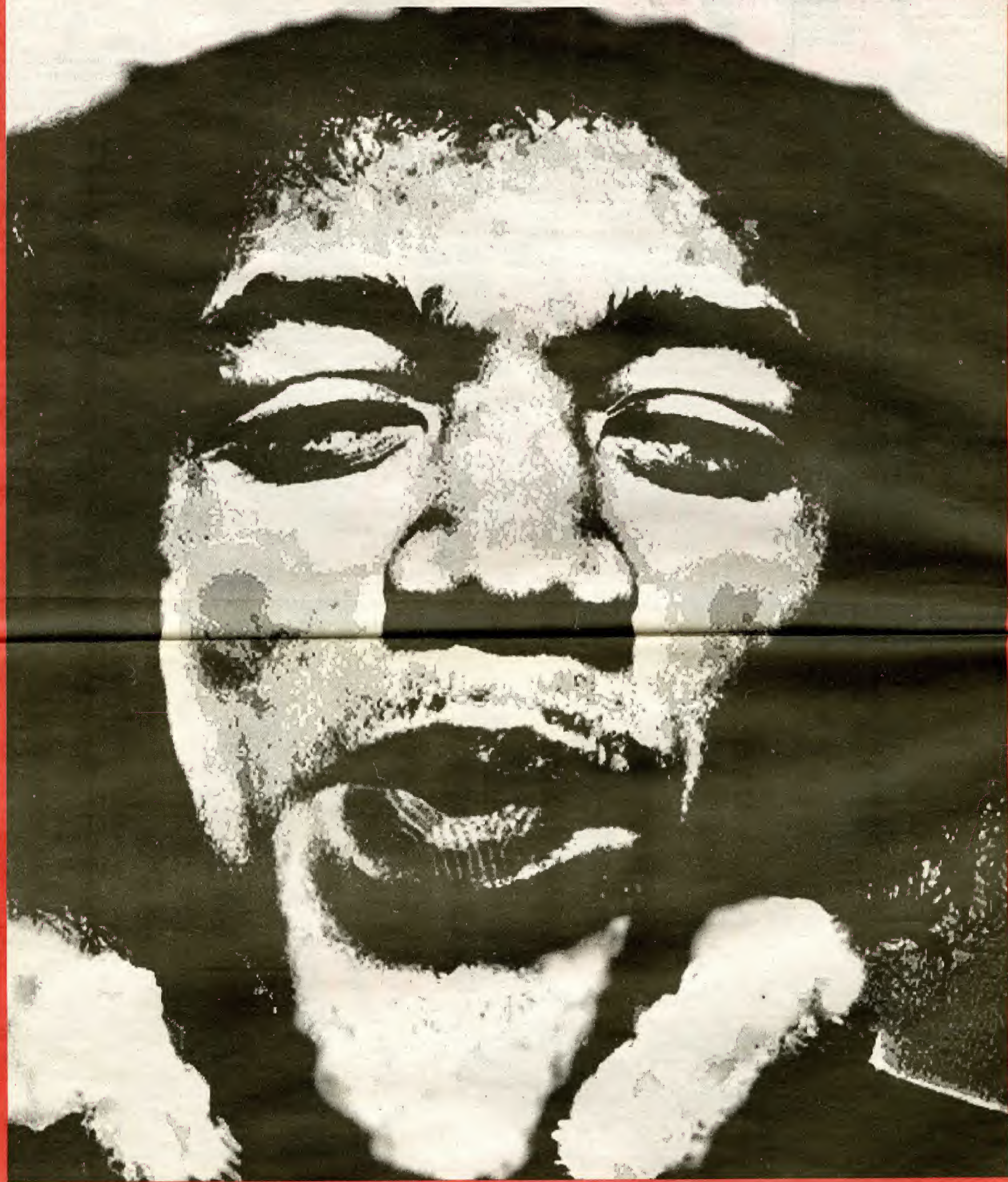
"NEITHER HUMOROUS NOR APPROPRIATE"

SUPERSLICKERS

- * 1999 SLUGGO AWARDS
- * XMAS TERROR!
- * APOCALYPSE PROPAGANDA
- * SKIN, SKIN, SKIN!
- * WHAT'S UP WITH GEORGE?
- * MORMON MYOPIA
- * JUNKIE OF THE DECADE
- * MORE END OF THE CENTURY CRAP...

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SLUG

DECEMBER 1999
LAST ISSUE OF THE 1990'S!!!
VOLUME 11 • ISSUE 12 • #132

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Dear dickheads,

From one opinionated prick to another:

Historically, those within the communities of art are often on the cutting edge of society, of freedom of expression, and, consistent with such freedom, freedom from the constraints and restrictions that "societal norms" ("shackles") place upon thought. These restrictions and the mentality exhibited by those who impose them, have resulted in human and ecological tragedies beyond description.

In our closed, shackled society of Utah, the concept of freedom, not to mention the reality of freedom, is suppressed and ostracized. If one does not knuckle under and is successful in promoting open thought, public information, and free inquiry, the powers that control this region will act to sanction and silence you (note the mormon church actions with regard to the Lighthouse Ministry).

On an more global issue, as science and knowledge has progressed, those like the church here, and similar entities worldwide, have seen their power questioned, their dogma destroyed by inquiry, and their edicts challenged. They are fighting back, and the youth is their target. They attack anything new, from music, to art, to dance, to science. Unfortunately, the heyday of open and free inquiry are not what they were one hundred years ago, when Edison, Ingersoll, Nietzsche, Ambrose Bierce, and Mark Twain were on the scene.

Those, like you and your readers, and those within isolated groups like the Skeptic Society, Center for Free Inquiry, and certain science organizations, hold the keys to freedom.

—jm

Dear Dickheads,

In the future I would greatly appreciate it if you would refer to Glen Danzig as "the unholy one."

Thanks,
—Satan

Dickheads:

I was reading all the comments people had written to you (Dear Dickheads) in your October issue of the magazine. There maybe some people who disagree with what is being said, or the language that is being used in your magazine. I for one know that is more appealing to your audience. Who wants a boring magazine that isn't having its opinions expressed in the writing?

For all those parents who keep writing and saying that this magazine is having a bad effect on your child then YOU keep them from reading it. This magazine is written to a particular audience and that particular audience happens to enjoy it! For those of us out here who look forward to the new issue every month it is a great magazine. There is no other good local magazine that has concert updates, tours, music reviews, interviews with good bands (unlike Backstreet Boys or N'Sync). We think SLUG is doing a good job, and we enjoy reading it!

Reader
—Leza Megerian

Dear SLUG,

My name is Frog. I would like it please if you could send me a subscription of slug please. I have really enjoyed your Salt Lake Underground mag for a very long time. So please if you could please send me a subscription please (This prison is a pain and very sickening). I would rather look and read your SLUG mag, than look at a Play Boy.

Thank you for your time,
Frog "Skate Punk" 1984-1999
Bryce Washington.

Dear Dickheads,

In the last issue of Slug, a harshly written letter from Todd G. of Fistfull hit me square in the teeth. I am not going to go into the personal ramification of what was said, but I will go into the ethic involved and hopefully clear up any misconception by Todd. I did not write an article for you, or your band, Todd. I was not trying to do you any favors. I do not see myself as anyone who can do anything for your band. If it will help you sleep better at night, the article was originally written in a hypothetical context.

The reason for writing the article was to shed light on a difficult situation for local musicians. Having been involved in music on a professional level (if you can call it that) for only two years, I have a very limited perspective on what occurs in the "industry" (which in Utah, is something of a joke in itself.) I, very naively, was under the impression that when there is an issue of unfair treatment that it should be brought to light, and debated. I apologize for bringing you and your band into it, but it was unintentional. Bringing the issue to a public forum lets the person committing the act know that his/or her behavior is publicly noted, and hopefully cause the person to think about their conduct, (and in a best case scenario, change their behavior.)

This had nothing to do with one particular band, bar, or agent. Ethically, it had to do with what is a reality in our small musical community. I did not intend to rail on the bar mentioned in the article. The booking agent has a job to do, and money to make. To book a show at his club, and get a favorable response is an accomplishment in itself. His club is considered as a large step in musical progression to many local artists. I understand and appreciate the amount of pressure he may be under to get people to drink in his club.

I was not writing to incite. I was writing to invite. I invite your opinion, that is why I don't use a pseudonym. My appreciation and commitment to local music is very real. I welcome your opinion on my writing. It is, to me, a good thing that people are thinking about their environment, their art, and their situation. I appreciate your opinion about my writing because I am not a journalist, per se. I do, however, consider myself thoroughly and completely vested in my interest and love of music. I don't half-handedly write bands or music off because I may not understand their vision. I try to be as open as possible to any new sound that might spark my interest, whether good or bad. If I become narrow-minded or if my ego becomes a part of my

'journalism' then I will quit writing about music. In my opinion, ego destroys.

In an artistic situation, ideally, there would be no need for a competitive nature. Creation merely for the sake of aesthetic, or in this case, aural pleasure, would be the ultimate accomplishment. Unfortunately, our 'culture' dictates that this will not be the case. Utah is a microcosm in the grand spectrum of American society. It is all a person can do to avoid starvation if they choose to become an artist. A difficult reality for someone who doesn't want to succumb to the politic, popular culture, or decadent dismissal of art in our 'culture.' Self-importance is not the sign of an artist, in my opinion, but of a businessman. I do not enjoy politic, nor do I enjoy having to put on a facade in order to 'succeed' (in a societal sense).

I digress, The point of this letter, (and my article) is that I am disenfranchised with the accountability, communication, and sense of involvement on all levels of people entwined in local music in Salt Lake City. I would like to know that the people booking shows at the 'major' clubs in town are paying attention to what is going on in the broader spectrum of the valley. I am not asking for a detailed, catalogue-like knowledge of all bands in town. I'm just asking that they pay attention to what is vital, and bring that vitality to people who wouldn't normally access it on their own. In my opinion, that would stimulate growth.

Cover bands, to me, stifle and slow that process. Establishment and maintenance of a 'scene' (as you call it) lies in a major cooperative effort. This is not to say that it should be unionized and rigid in its inception, rather it should be fluid and accommodating to all involved. Bottom line: Involvement, Activity, and Creative Excitement. I would like to see the musicians in cover bands be able to use their talents on something besides dead '70's kitsch. I would like to see bands that knock me on my ass with their art.

In closing, I would like to thank Todd for opening my eyes musically. He had a very valid point in that 'Cock and Beer' music has been done quite a bit. My band and I have decided to forge ahead and become creative pioneers in our genre. Rather than the aforementioned standard, we now have added pornography to our set. Now, we will be furthermore known as a "Cock, Beer, and Pornography" band, and we would appreciate being acknowledged as such.

—jeremy cardenas

P.S. In the future, Todd, it would be well advised that you keep your personal opinion of someone else's music out of your public argument, if you wish to make a valid point. The interjection of personal opinion cost you any validity you may have had in your letter, to me. I had to take a long, hard look at your statements before I could rationally write anything about this issue, being the testosterone driven prick that I am. I consider this issue resolved with no hard feelings. If you have any further argument, I would appreciate you speaking to me face to face. I, in turn, will do the same...



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SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT To Me... a letter from the editor

MilleniaMadness, Ten Years After Olympic fever & Schadenfreude ...

Depending on how soon you get your copy of SLUG, in 25 days or so, the 1900's will be all but a memory. The 1999 countdown is now within earshot. You can almost smell the fear. I love it. Not everyone gets to see a century dissipate and I think that's a pretty cool thing. Particularly when the rest of the world is freaking out. Sure your bank has assured you your money is safe, and everyone has done tests to become "Y2K Compliant," but you know deep down in the back of your mind some small part of you is thinking "It's the end of the world and I haven't done shit." I am sure bigger fears where on people's minds in 1899... like what the hell are we going to do without TV for another 20 years? When will someone invent a decent espresso machine?

Ten Years gone by since the mighty SLUG rose from the ashes of blah blah whatever. SLUG's 11 Year Anniversary arrives in less than a month. JR would be proud, or maybe embarrassed, or maybe both. And yes Bill, it was JR! That's 132 issues for those of us who are counting. And even though most of you don't care, here's some things you might not know...

SLUG's 1st issue had FISHBONE on the cover and was done on a copy machine at Kinkos. The first issue with color was the 2nd Anniversary issue with HATE X NINE on the cover. The words "Salt Lake Under Ground" only appeared until issue #45 Sept 92 when my girl Jaime's band Athlete's Butt graced the cover. The 1st local cover band was issue #8 / The Boxcar Kids. Hey Shuman, send me a Godamn copy will ya?

And now my favorite new bitch. The SLOC. Yes the Salt Lake Organizing Committee. We offended them by running a Salt City CD's ad a few months ago. Consider this your formal written apology. We will not run that ad again, or any of your "trademarked material." Are you kidding me?

These hypocrites have the nerve to write a letter about the misuse of their mascots, and their right to the word 'Olympic'!! The same scandal mongers that bought hookers, guns, scholarships, state officials and gave them to Olympic bid committee officials to bring the Olympics here? (ALLEGEDLY) And then used the lame excuse that "we didn't know it was wrong, everybody else did it"???

Well guess what? We didn't know it was wrong so kiss my ass. (or is that our ass?) That's right morons, it's called the First Amendment and this is a statement of opinion. And as far as the statement "Proud not to be a sponsor of the 2002 Winter Olympics," I will say that as often as I want whenever I want to whomsoever I want. That is a statement of fact. Let me repeat... SLUG Magazine is proud NOT to be a sponsor of the 2002 Winter Olympics. That's right, of all the proud sponsors of the 2002 Winter Olympics, WE ARE NOT ONE! What is even more ridiculous is that as of press time, according to a SL Trib article, Brighton Ski Resort did not get a cease and desist letter after running an ad that read "Proud host of ZERO Olympic events." According to Anne Wall, one is a USOC matter and one is an SLOC matter. Either way, the point is that ad was ran as HUMOR / SATIRE. And the statement about not being a sponsor was put there so that people didn't misunderstand it. You want to debate the First Amendment with me? Do it in a courtroom. Our new SLUG ad should read "SLUG magazine, even the SLOC has nothing better to do."

And finally, Schadenfreude...

A German word that describes an integral part of my philosophy. It is the malicious enjoyment of other's misfortune. That should keep you all happy.

Happy New Century

—The "losers" at Planet SLUG

The above comments are called 'opinions' and are protected by a little thing called "FREE SPEECH"

Salt Lake Organizing Committee
for the Olympic Winter Games of 2002

Telephone: 801-212-2002
Facsimile: 801-364-7644

257 East 200 South, Suite 600
Salt Lake City, Utah 84111 USA

November 9, 1999

Mr. Rick Zeigler
Owner/Operator
Salt City CD's
878 East 900 South
Salt Lake City, Utah 84105

Re: Cease & Desist Notice

Dear Mr. Zeigler:

We have recently become aware that Salt City CD's is conducting a print advertising campaign in *Slug Magazine* that makes direct reference to "The 2002 Olympic Mascots" and the "2002 Winter Olympics." The full-page ad attached hereto also contains unauthorized pictures of our official mascots: "Powder", "Copper" and "Coal." These marks are protected under 15 U.S.C. 1125 of The Lanham Act. The Salt Lake Organizing Committee for the Olympic Winter Games of 2002 ("SLOC") is the registered owner of the mascots and other such marks. We have not licensed their use to your company. Therefore, you may not directly or indirectly use these marks for any purpose whatsoever.

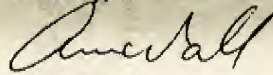
Under the Ted Stevens Olympic & Amateur Sports Act of 1998, 36 U.S.C. § 220506, the U.S. Congress granted the United States Olympic Committee ("USOC") the exclusive right within the United States to make commercial use of the words "Olympic" and other Olympic-related marks, symbols and terminology. Any unauthorized use of the word "Olympic" is a violation of USOC's rights.

For your information, money made available to members of the Olympic Family through official licensed merchandise, supplier relationships and corporate sponsorships in exchange for the right to use certain Olympic marks, symbols, terminology and graphic designs is one of the most significant sources of revenue for the Olympic Movement. This revenue provides substantial benefits to athletes training for and competing in the Olympic Games. Any unauthorized use of intellectual property greatly diminishes the value of the Olympic brand and our licensing and sponsorship programs. It severely damages benefits provided to the Olympic Family and athletes throughout the world.

We ask that you, Salt City CD's, *Slug Magazine* and Safari Travelers Inc., immediately and permanently discontinue this unauthorized activity. We do not find your use of the phrase "PROUD NOT TO BE SPONSORS OF THE 2002 WINTER OLYMPICS" to be humorous or appropriate. We will not allow the value of our marks to be diminished in this manner.

Please confirm to us your compliance with our request by replying in writing to the undersigned within the next 10 days. In the event that you fail to comply with our request, we will be forced to consider further steps, including possible legal action and public relations actions against your company.

Sincerely,


Anne M. Wall
Brand Protection Manager



SALT LAKE 2002
Olympic rings



Instinct

Sooner or later you stop covering your head and let the rain soak you. That is what this movie is about, in a very small sense. What it speaks more to is the way men have moved from being a part of the earth to being an intrusion. This is a great movie that proves the point on many levels. If I sound like I am being deep and philosophical its because this movie makes you consider those things even when you already know them to be true. If it makes you think about those things that you haven't considered then that is a good thing. Anthony Hopkins and Cuba Gooding play doctor and patient. Don't miss this show. It will do good for your karma.

South Park Bigger Longer Uncut

Trey Parker was obviously a frustrated musician as a child. The first full length South Park movie boasts enough 12 year old fart and poop tunes to fill a ... well a soundtrack CD??? The movie is funny and all about the things that in true life drive people like Tipper Gore crazy. The boys have to save Terrance & Phillip from the firing squad and at the

same time strike a blow for freedom of speech. Maybe there should be a SLUG benefit song. During the fart festival everybody learns a lesson or two. Great songs like "Kyle's mom is a bitch", "Blame Canada", "Uncle Fucka", "Hell is good" and "What would Brian Boitano do?" Very funny stuff here. Particularly when Kenny goes to hell.

La Vita e Bella Life is Beautiful

Roberto Benigni won several Oscars for this movie including Best Actor, Best Foreign Language Film and Best Dramatic Score. All well deserved. The story is sad, beautiful and poignant. Benigni wrote and directed the story and plays Guido, who gets taken to a concentration camp with his son. He protects him by pretending that they are playing a game, and that they are there purposely. All the while dancing around the horrors of what was going on in front of his little boy. Nicoletta Braschi who is Benigni's wife in the movie and in real life follows her child and husband to the death camp. The nightmare of the holocaust remains in the background while Benigni desperately tries to keep his family alive. Best movie of the year, no question.

The Haunting

Are you kidding me? Is this supposed to scare me? Let me tell you something. Bad actors pretending to be lesbians do not scare me. Bruce Dern dressed up like a gardener does not scare me. However if you could get Bruce Dern dressed up like a lesbian, now that might be scary. This movie sucked.

Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me

Why review a movie that everyone already has either seen, or knows the entire script by heart? Yes this is the one with mini-me, tha fat bastard and the Rhea Perlman look

alike. Is it as funny as the first? Of course not but you don't care about that do you? He says yea baby and shag and groovy alot so that's good enough in'nit?

Terror Firmer Troma Video

The people at Troma must think they are reinventing the B-movie. They are sadly mistaken. You see, if you are going to make a bad movie, it should have at least one redeeming quality. For example, if it's going to be bad but gross, then it should really be gross. This movie isn't gross, it isn't good, it isn't bad, and most important it ISN'T FUNNY. This is just garbage. Go rent RE-ANIMATOR and get your mind right.

MR. PINKS BREWVIES MOVIE TRIVIA

Last months answer ... Josh got it right but... he works here.

who spoke the line
"I love the smell of Napalm in the morning... smells like victory!"

The 1st correct mailed or emailed response
gets two FREE passes to Brewvies ...

Pink Trivia
2225 S. 500 E. #206
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slugindyspotlight



Dionysus/Hell Yeah Records

don't like to mention this, as it detracts from mythological mystique. Fuck 'em. Your ol' pal Randy is about the truth). And if that ain't heavy enough, the dude didn't even live on Mount Olympus, or even Greece. Lee and his wife Aime made their home in sunny California. It's the truth man, I'm tellin' ya. And if you want to question it ... get the hell out of my class. There's a reason the word 'professor' precedes my name, dammit.

Anyway, everybody knows that you can't have a great fuckin' time without great fuckin' tunes. Lee was hip to that, so in 1984 he and Aime founded the Dionysus Empire. It would be divided into three branches: Dionysus, Hell Yeah, and the Bacchus Archives. The Empire's objective was to seek out the finest in garage, surf, punk, rockabilly, and exotica, then spread word of it throughout the world. Here is a little something about some of the bands the Dionysus Empire is behind:

The Hate Bombs

Pray to the tiki god in your garage that this band makes it to Salt Lake one day. Their recently released Dionysus debut is titled *Hunt You Down*, and it is BY FAR one of the very best albums I have heard. EVER. Get it, Now.

The Kabalas

Your name doesn't have to be Yankovic to jam a polka. Just ask the Kabalas, Dionysus' sci-fi polka party machine. Will surely gain admittance to heaven for writing the "Traci Lords Polka."

Thorazine

Hard and heavy shit from Philly with a female lead vocalist that has more and larger balls than even our esteemed editor/publisher/opinionated prick (and that's saying a lot if you've ever seen those coconuts! Sick, man!).

The 440's

Sweet Jesus, I do believe I am in love. Wendy "Sparkle Plenty" Gadzuk, the red-haired, leather-clad guitarist and vocalist for the 440's is the only woman I'd ever want to take home to meet Mom. Words cannot express the palpable desire that threatens the seams around my zipper when I hear her sing, "Fuck Me with Rock and Roll." File somewhere between garage and rockabilly, award 9 out of ten points for balls (plus two bonus points, one for including a riff from Kiss' "God of Thunder" in "Power Play," and one 'cause I'm in love).

The Crusaders

Masked garage surf gladiators from Australia. Six song EP, titled *Middle Age Rampage*, out now.

Davie Allan and the Arrows

Surf legend Davie Allan wrote and recorded the soundtrack to "Loud, Loose, and Savage" over the ten-year period between 1983 and 1993, and Dionysus let it loose this year. If you dig surf, you already have this.

Splash Four

French punk. Umm ... umm ... fuck it.

Outside/Inside

Lee "Dionysus" Joseph doesn't just record, promote, and distribute music, he cranks the shit out at full volume.

Hot Damn!

Two dorks plus two hot mamas equals Hot Damn!, a garage band that sings of beaver shots, hard-ons, beehives, and a two-digit sexual position. Mmmm...

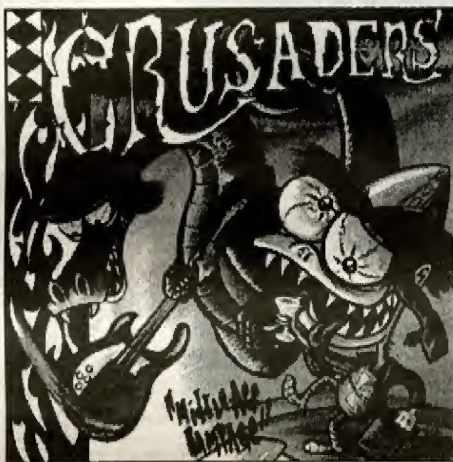
For more info on these and other Dionysus/Hell Yeah bands, visit the Dionysus Empire website at www.indieweb.com/dionysus or write for a free catalog: Dionysus/Hell Yeah, P.O. Box 1975, Burbank, CA, 91507.

—Randy Harward

Hello, class welcome to Classical Civilizations 101, or Greek Mythology. My name is Randy Harward, to a large portion of this class, I am your professor. To a smaller portion of the class, those unscrupulous females who understand that fellatio is just another rung on a ladder that leads to a 4.0. See me after class.

Being that it's the first day of class, I believe we should, ahem, ease into things, if you will. That said, the first God we will cover is Dionysus, something of a mythological frat boy. I'm sure the gentlemen in the back can relate. Dionysus is the God of Bacchanalia or, in simpler terms: a great fuckin' time.

Now, what most Classical Civ profs won't tell you is that Dionysus is actually the middle name of one Lee Joseph (they



INSTITUTIONALIZED DEVIANCE

BY

H. BATES



Something odd happened at the BYU/Utah football game in Provo the other day. The Utah Runnin Utes had just scored a touchdown to take the lead when a pissed-off cougar fan burst out of the stands and attacked a male Utah cheerleader behind the end zone. The incident quickly took an ironic turn when the buffed Utah cheerleader began to kick the living shit out of the foolish young man in front of God and everyone. By the time the formerly amused security guards had time to break it up, the cheerleader had peeled off twelve hay makers on the moron who was now on the grass covering up and most likely pleading for his ass-whipping to end. Rather than shaking the cheerleaders hand and chalking it up as a good example to any other numb-nuts who might want to pull a similar stunt, the cops took both of them away and were actually trying to decide whether to press charges against the cheerleader. As far as my sources could tell, the cheerleader was only guilty of over zealously defending himself.

The strangeness didn't end there. Apparently the vicious Utah cheerleader involved had been running around Cougar Stadium the entire game waving a large, red, University of Utah flag. According to BYU athletic director Val Hale, the flag waving provoked the entire incident, which made national news. "We won't let them bring those flags down here again" was his response when asked what he intended to do about the situation. Can you say dumb-ass? Does this guy actually think that eliminating malicious flag-waving at Cougar Stadium is going to keep BYU fans from acting like morons at home games? I wonder what his response would have been had the tables been turned. Let's say a drunk Utah fan going after Cosmo, the BYU mascot who truly does deserve an ass kicking. Val Hale and the rest of the BYU faithful would be bitching and moaning to anyone who would listen about

what a brutal act of violence had been perpetrated. About how the problems in society have invaded college athletics and thank goodness for non-secular institutions like BYU that teach their students the proper morals and values. Instead, it must have felt like BYU had been defeated not once, but twice in the same day by Utah. Not only was the team unable to show it's athletic superiority on the field by winning the game, the fan who

charged the Utah cheerleader clearly demonstrated an absence of moral superiority by BYU fans off the field; to a national audience no less. This is a bitter pill to swallow and explains why Val Hale would indirectly condone the clearly deviant behavior of an idiot, for it strikes at the heart of a very Mormon need: To demonstrate the L.D.S. Church and it's members superiority to the world.

Let's face it. Mormons have a desperate need to show the world how very moral and righteous they are compared to everyone else. That's what the BYU /Utah rivalry has been all about and will continue to be about with or without the flag waving. It's what the Olympics were about before the scandal and what our Mormon politicians desperately hope it can be again. I guarantee you it's what Orrin Hatch is about. It's why we have TRAX that no one wanted and the I-15 demolition and resulting reconstruction that will be outdated before it's finished. It's why the Church can buy Main Street before anyone hears about it and why it spends thousands of dollars in California to keep gays from

the very things that continue to cause the L.D.S. Church the most national embarrassment? No Sir, Val Hale couldn't simply apologize for the fans behavior and poor security, he had to put the blame on the cheerleaders flag waving. Otherwise he would have been admitting that Mormons make the same mistakes that non-Mormons do and are therefore, not so morally superior and righteous. A cultural leap he was not prepared to make.

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1999 SLUGGO AWARDS

BEST LIVE SHOW OF 1999

Nashville Pussy @ DV8



photo / A. Brown

50 LB. SACK OF SUCK AWARD

To the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion for the disappointing remix album entitled "Xtra Acme USA."



photo / A. Brown

WORST PLANNED PROTEST

The 2 Christians protesting Orgazmo in front of the Tower Theater Feb. 1999

PERSON WHOSE HOUSE WE'D MOST LIKE

TO SEE BURNED TO THE GROUND
Gayle Ruzicka of the Eagle Forum

BEST PERSONALITY TO CLOG UP THE TOILET AT SALT CITY CDS

Jello Biafra May 1999



Jello tries to explain the bathroom "incident"

photo / A. Brown

MOST IRONIC BAND NAME / SELF FULFILLING PROPHECY

"The Messy Break Ups," who broke up and are now called The "Jenny Jensens"



photo / A. Brown

BEST ALBUM ART / WORST ALBUM

SOLE' / Skin Deep

BIGGEST HYPOCRITE AWARD

The SLOC, but then they did give us our new slogan,
"Neither humorous nor appropriate."

1,000,000, LB.

SACK OF SUCK AWARD

Ricky Martin. Cuz, he dances like an autistic monkey with an ass full of red ants. Besides, he was in Menudo.

BEST ALBUM OF 1999

TOM WAITS / Mule Variations. No question.

ABSOLUTE WORST EXCUSE FOR NOT PAYING COVER CHARGE

KBA Marketing

WORST LOCAL WRITER

Steve Luhm / SL Tribune

ANGELA BROWN FUCK YOU AWARD

Roseland Theater, New York City. Refused to let Angie into Cheap Trick even with her CMJ photo pass, SLUG Press pass and a Cheap Trick backstage pass. All because she didn't have the much coveted "Roseland Photo Pass." Even after she offered to remove the batteries from her camera... Fuckers.



photo / A. Brown

HARDEST PLACE TO GET A DRINK WHEN DEADBOLT PLAYED FOR FREE BUT NORMALLY BEST BAR IN TOWN

Burt's Tiki Lounge

BIGGEST "PRICK OF MISERY" AS FAR AS GIANNI IS CONCERNED

William Athey

ASSHOLE LANDLORD AWARD

Ex Heavy Metal Shop Landlord who forced them to move with 20 days notice.

BIGGEST BULLSHIT LAW

No body piercing in West Valley, or no cruising State Street. You choose.

WORST VOTING DECISION

Scott Farley loses Mayoral race.

MILLENCOLIN

...AND THE HI-8 ADVENTURES

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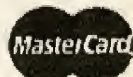
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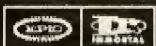
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"I think I am lucky that I didn't get paid enough to drown in the syrup of success"
—Iggy Pop

RABIES CASTE For The Vomiting Tractor Drivers

Infernal Racket really hit the jackpot when they decided to bring RABIES CASTE into the corral. This Israeli band puked (pardon the pun) out some of the sickest and meanest noise/sludge on the planet. They aren't as plodding as most sludge bands instead opting to increase the noise and mania factor ala GOB (Reno), EHG and 3D HOUSE OF BEEF. Warped vocals wrap around the bizarre metal laced racket like a python putting on the squeeze. The drum and bass work of Dale Rabid and Russel Bear actually proves pretty driving and ferocious keeping the music moving at a fair clip most of the time and providing a tweaked counterpoise to the viscous tar of the guitar riffs. This is not music for the closed minded or the weak of heart but if you are a sick and twisted freak who likes noise that will make the neighbors put their house up for sale then track down RABIES CASTE. (Infernal Racket Records POB 4641 Bethlehem, PA 18018 or www.infernalracket.com)

JLIAT 9902

The latest from JLIAT (aka James Whitehead) took me completely by surprise. I'm astonished. This 71 minute piece is certainly another solid brick in the wall of JLIAT drone, make no mistake, but this new CD is the most variant and complex offering I've ever heard from James. While still maintaining all of his minimalist qualities and expressions (elements uniquely offered him via this medium), this latest CD expands the equation with far more tone variety and depth. This is the latest step in a process. On the "May" LP James created a drone piece that incorporated a thicker and more dense sound and now the rises and falls present in this piece seem to be the next logical step beyond that. He has taken the artificial variables introduced by a mind trying to interpret drone and has given them a life of their own. In essence he has brought the dream into the real world. In previous work he created the creature, now he gives it breathe and a voice.

BUZZKILL House of Bad Touch

A new CD by BUZZKILL is always cause for celebration. BUZZKILL combine all the harsh and rockin' elements of primitive punk and hardcore and combine it with a

distinctly progressive sound. They follow no trends and are reminiscent of no single other band, yet there is nothing bizarre about their sound. They are one of the very select acts who manages to stay within parameters that are recognizable and still generate a sound that is totally unique. Much of the time their sound could be described as "thrash" but they undercut that description on such a regular basis that to use it would almost be misleading. Take for example the first three tracks of the CD. It opens with

"Yeah" a fast and furious instrumental that would do NOMEANSNO proud. Following that is "Psycho" which is a blistering thrash tune that will firebomb your cranium. "Springer" by contrast is a relaxed pop ditty that shows off the band's lyrical prowess by sarcastically examining The Jerry Springer Show as an exam

NOOTHGRUSH Erode The Person

I was more than a little stoked to get this CD, which is a collection of tunes from the bands early discography. I have been a huge fan of NOOTHGRUSH since the release of their debut demo and since they steamrolled my brain during their first of many appearances at the Fiesta Grande. This band has taken the hand-off from bands like GRIEF (an admittedly huge influence) and run for six. They do more than PLAY sludge. They ARE sludge. Everything about this band oozes and crawls. Their music is as punishing and it is precise as it is plodding. Lyrically they take concepts and ideas that in the hands of lesser artists may seem silly (Star Wars) or overused (hate and loathing) and they discover existential sociological and philosophical insight. From one point of view in the extreme underground NOOTHGRUSH are hideously deformed if for no other reason than they travel a route far less taken; but from another perspective, and certainly one that I share, their deformity is actually unique.

GROINCHURN Already Dead

This disc may be tiny in size but it is has a gigantic sound. South Africa's premiere grind band unleashed this disc to not only serve as a teaser for their Morbid Records full length "Fink" but to give their loyal hordes of fans a very cool collectable. The disc consists of three new tracks that highlight the band continued growth and unremitting exploration of all that is extreme in grindcore, one track from their split 7" with WOYZECH and two live tunes recorded in 1997 on their European tour with KRA-BATHOR. The band have always managed to walk a thin line between death metal and grindcore utilizing the stronger elements of both genres in forging their sound and this CD is no different. If words like "harsh," "fast," "blasting," "shredding" and, yep, even "brutal" are adjectives you like to see attached to the music you favor then there is absolutely no way that you can go wring with GROINCHURN. Ever. (Dark Ages POB 39550 Garsfontein, Pretoria, 0185 South Africa.)

—jeb

jeb is on the web

www.slugmag.com

Local Cds



Megan Peters / Queen's Bed Sweet Receiver

Can she do no wrong? Singer-songwriter Megan Peters couldn't serve up shit if you fed her bran muffins and high-performance liquid laxatives. *Queen's Bed* would have made local "Best Of 1999" lists just for bearing her name. Is that to her advantage or detriment? Pick it up and see hear for yourself.

Melissa Warner / Emperor Norton

Another female singer-songwriter whose name has come to be synonymous with superlative songwriting. This is the woman who went to Portland to represent Salt Lake City at the North by Northwest industry spectacle, thanks in no small part to this collection of expertly crafted folk-rock gems.

Red Bennies/Ambergris Self-titled

This is not the latest Red Bennies release, nevertheless, it deserves mention. Guitarist Eli Morrison is King of the Detuned, Droning, Abstract Riff. Evocative of Soundgarden in places, but too artsy to be grunge. Contains 35 minutes of music from Morrison's past project, the equally artsy sludge-pop group Ambergris, featuring Amber Marie on vocals.

The Beaumonts / Kissyfists/Island (Cd single)

One original and a cover from what promises to be one of Salt Lake's better bands. One part Velvets, one part indie. Good stuff.

Various Artists / Be Guapo Guapo Recording Company

Guapo Recording Company, a new independent label based right here in Salt Lake City, has released this thirteen-song comp to serve as a sampler of things to come and a calling card. Featured on the compilation are local and national acts, as well as one that fits both descriptions. I am speaking of Slender, a garage punk outfit from San Francisco by way of Provo (one-half of Slender is Ken Carter and Rod Middleton, formerly of local ska legends Swim Herschel Swim). Clover (soon to be known as New Grand Silver), Moxie Tonic Medicine Show, and Magstatic comprise the 100% local portion of the disc. As for nationals, the Numbs, the comps sole hip-hop group, got props from Public Enemy's Chuck D. The *Be Guapo* one-sheet quotes him as saying, "Believe the HYPE!"

Indie rock savior Mr. Fusion and tumbleweed balladeers Moontubes close the album, which is available at www.guaporecordingco.com and at selected retailers.

—Randy Harward

Clear

Deeper Than Blood Stillborn Records

Now kids, don't put away your Black Sabbath records yet. This is a solid album with driving lyrics, the music is harder and more angst ridden than their previous effort "The Sickness Must End." For someone who's not into this stuff, this is definitely a great album to have in my collection. Definitely the standout tracks are the title song "Falling Into Ashes" and "Skulldozer," my favorite song on the entire album. The only drawback to the album is the same chords are used throughout. Each song has the same tune as the last one, almost. The only different song is "Skulldozer," an interesting bit with Teresa Flowers doing an excellent job on guest vocals. Seeing this song live at the cd release party was the most entertaining part of the whole night. "Deeper Than Blood" has a great intro (think of, say, a combination Ministry meets Coil) and vocal sampling. This is the song that, one might say, I could personally relate to out of all the other tracks. Again, focusing on the lyrics of this particular song. It sounds to me like total dedication to someone. Telling yourself that you'll step in front of that bullet for that person. But more than that at the same time. These are perhaps some of the darkest lyrics that I have seen being written in a while. However their first EP was quite good (I'm listening to it right now). The vocals have changed in "Deeper Than Blood" — a lot more piercing. The music is definitely a lot harder and more guitar driven. I must point out what a good drummer Tyler Smith is. I can see the improvement he's done from the first EP to this album. Sean McClaugherty still shines on bass and Jason Knott continues to evolve his vocals. Mick Morris and Josh Asher (now departed from the group) play a neat guitar. Overall a good listen, the band continue to grow and it definitely shows on this album. For the hardcore aficionado, it is a must. For the obvious outsider, such as myself, it is a worthy introduction to this kind of music. Now you can place your Black Sabbath behind this one.

—Jake

Wrap the Gifts Unwrap the Mind



Santa Claus wrapped my gifts and opened my mind. Elfin magic was a workshop that gave me the work over.

Mrs. Claus certainly must have gone through menopause. Saint Nick, or shall I say, Humbert Humbert. Shimmie down chimneys and leaving presents for all the good little boys and girls. "May I come down your chimney?"

Growing up I was told: Don't talk to strangers. Don't take candy from strangers. At Christmas time I was told: Sit on the lap of the fat bearded man. "Hey little boy—Want some candy?" If you talk to the stranger, you get a candy cane. Tell the fat

man your dreams. Your needs. Your wants. And which toys top your list in the Sear's Catalog. The red suited stranger will invade your house and leave what you pined for underneath the decorated pine tree.

I told Kris Kringle what I wanted. And he mingled with my wants and gave me what my parents could afford. I got a Hot Wheels. I got a fire truck. I got this and I got that.

Perhaps I was a late bloomer as my pubes didn't pubescent until I was well into the sixth grade. So as a pre-teen, I kept my thoughts I should have shook as a tot. But I believed my parents, believed in Santa Claus, and I believed in God.

Growing up I can remember learning about Jesus Christ, Santa Claus and the red nosed reindeer. I played reindeer games. I prayed to Jesus every night. In fear and in fright. Don't crucify me for my thoughts, but I got nothing from the crucified plight and haloed light.

Then, once a year, I whispered in the ear of a man whose belly shook like jelly and who lived at the North Pole. He gave me what I wanted without a fee. Santa was 100% guilt free.

It was in the fifth grade when my friends said, "You still believe in Santa Claus?" I paused. You see I was sick with dread, but I bravely said, "Yes."

I was in the fifth grade when I quit believing in God. I was in the fifth grade when trust was killed and questioning was born. The miracle of Santa was no more miraculous than the miracle on 32nd street. My mind opened as the doors of my childhood came to an end. Yes Virginia—there is cause

for concern.

I don't have answers. In fact, more questions. Life was easy when I was spoon fed. I'm not trying to philosophize or bastardize religion, Judaism, or Buddhism. I don't want to deck the halls of Christmas or punch the myth of St. Nick, but when I was a child Santa was God. His elves were the apostles and his presents were the answers to prayers. I believed in him. I believed in Him. And when those Santa dreams were shattered, seven years of bad luck mirrored a mind that could no longer reflect the beliefs its parents refracted.

When I began to think, I began to say, "I don't think so."

Believe your beliefs, but realize your upbringing, Bible thumping, childhood

environment, and "Jesus was sent" attitude will not always be accepted. You can lead a horse to water, but don't hate him if he thinks. If tolerance was the battle cry of religions, there would be less battle cries on the battlefields.

Celebrate Christmas, Chanukah, or Kwanza. Enjoy your friends and family. Open the champagne, open your gifts, but, more importantly: Tolerance. And open your mind.

—Phil Jacobsen

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was front in his mind, like the fact that he was a doctor and he had to save this man's life. That he

It's quarter past midnight and I've been sitting with my fingers hovering over ASDFJKL; for about thirty-five minutes

naked and stretch out on a futon while my woman makes me a sandwich with her top off. Yeah, that'd be nice. Could I get some extra mustard on that, baby? Thanks. I like mustard. You wanna watch *Providence* with me? I believe in providence. Not the show, but the concept, as in fate, destiny, chance. It was fate that brought us together so that you could take your top off and fix me this sandwich. It was fate that I like mustard so much that I had to ask you for extra. I love you. You want a bite?

Ladies and gentlemen! May I present to you the segue to beat all segues? We're goin' from mustard and mammary glands to marmalade;

just as smooth as you like. Tonight (the 11th), at Green Street, see what has become of local acoustic/electric fixtures Marmalade Hill. Let it be known from whichever-day-it-was-that-they-changed-their-name that Marmalade Hill is now called 5 FOOT 4. Guitarist Dan Rozanes and drummer Chris Van Dijk have left the band and have been replaced by uh ... that information is classified (translation: I don't know). I do know, however, that the split was friendly and that 5 FOOT 4 will still play some of the old Marmalade Hill stuff, provided that audience members all pay bassist Paul Gilbert \$1.25 per request. (Stop complaining. Proceeds go toward guitarist Kenny Hallman's Fund for Poor Chumps Who Can't Afford a Pitcher, and that would be yours truly.)

Hey ... remember some months back when I was shooting for a 4.something on the ol' Flesch-Kincaid Reading Level thingy that comes with Microsoft Office? Well, right now I be sitting at a 6.4! Hooked on Phonics worked for me (FAAAART!).

So. What's next?

Calobo. Acoustic/electric groove. 10th AND 11th. Zephyr. Hey, hey! Here's a little something to keep us warm on the 11th. It's that "Jingle Ball" that 94.9 KZHT is puttin' on. No better time of year for this candy-coated lineup, I guess. Looks like we got **Def Leppard**, **Train** (billed as a "special appearance." What is this, a made-for-TV Christmas special?), **Shaggy** (not the cartoon character. It's Casey Kasem dressed up like Shaggy), **Jessica Simpson**, and **Beth Hart**. They're all going to occupy the stage at once, swaying to and fro with lighters aloft and singing "Silent Night."

On the 13th at DV8, **Buckcherry** (named for the gay adult film about a virgin who takes a summer job as a towel boy in a bathhouse to finance a kidney transplant and shit) brings some cock-rocka-rolle back to SLC after playing the very same venue some four or five, maybe even like, six, months ago. All riight!

Then...on the 14th...it's eighties nostalgia fucking bullshit night at Harry O's in Park City. The entertainment? **Ranking Roger's Allstars**. Woo-hooooo. Sixteenth. More punk at the RR Skate Park. Here's the lineup

re a l l y

fast: **attrisnomotive.c.o.hospitalfood!** Figure it out. **Runaway Truck Ramp** is back again that same night. Still at the Zephyr. **Mother Hips** at the Wrapsody in Provo on the 16th, then at the Zephyr on the 18th. Don't be surprised if our very own **Trigger Locks** open up. Possibly the best chance of a good time, musically speaking, that is, in the month of December is the **Jackmormons** show at the Zephyr on the 17th. Anybody see them open for Gov't Mule last October? SWWWWEET!

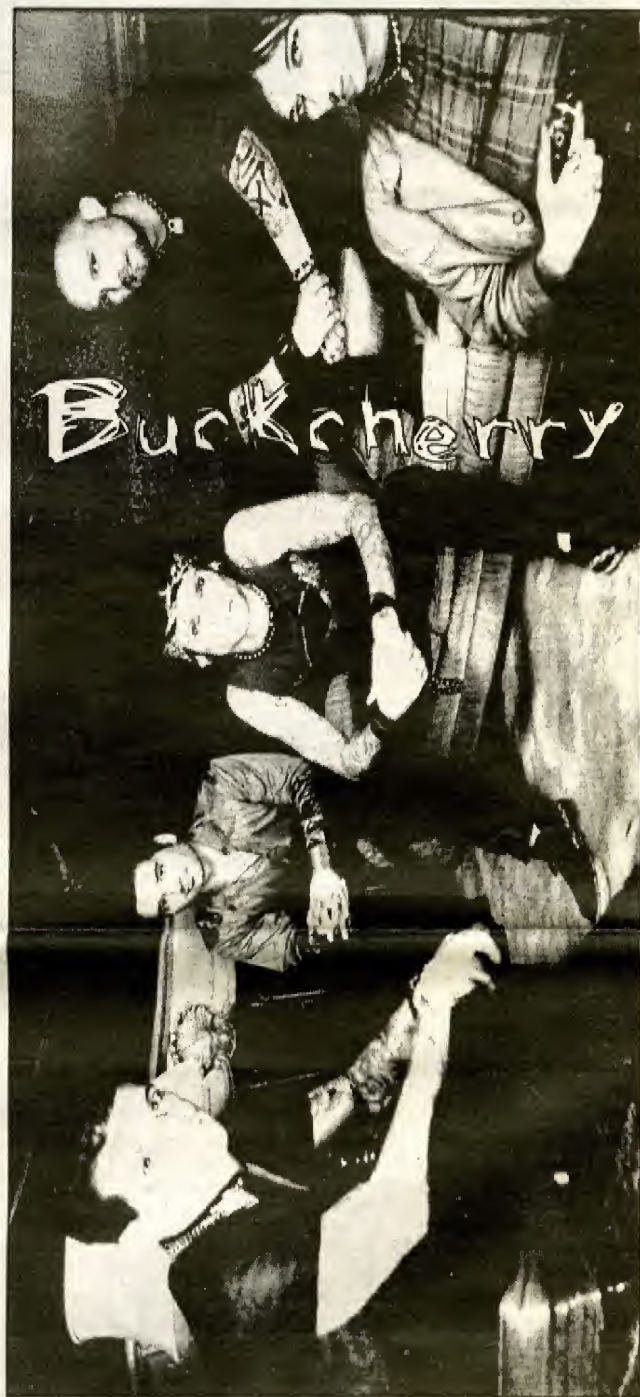
For those who are interested, we are now down to 5.7. Still an imp-p-p-rovement, right? **Kind of Like Spitting**, a band with the shittiest Web page (no fucking text! Just photos and a list of venues they've played) I have ever wasted time looking

up, is at Kilby Court on the 19th. Since I gotta fatten this article up some, I'll use my Ultra-keen™ Powers of Perception to write a bio for the band using only the photos on the Web site:

Kind Of Like Spitting kind of like, started when this chick with a violin and a stool and this dude with a guitar and a stool started playing music and stuff last January 16th at Koo's Café in God-knows-where. They played two sets that night; one in color, the other in black and white.

A couple of weeks later, the chick and the dude went to this guy's place to get high and met some other dudes who played music ... drums and bass and shit, also versatile enough to play in black and white.

Some series of events landed them in Portland, Oregon at



17 Nautical Miles, date unknown. Another series of events is right now happening and I already know where it's taking them: Salt Lake City. How do I know? It's providence, man. This is the place and shit.

Where we at? 20th?

K...token blues show at the Dead Goat. **Smokin' Joe Kubek** and **B'nois King**. Both fine guitarists, I'm sure. Aren't all blues guitarists fine players?

From the 21st to the 26th you won't find many national acts booked, I guess even rock stars celebrate Jesus's birthday. I suggest you take the time to support the local talent here in Zion.

Check out **Gearl Jam** at the Dead Goat on the 23rd or **In Effect** on the 24th at Burt's Tiki Lounge. On the 27th the **Young Dubliners** again at the Zephyr, I almost consider them a local band because they play here every fuckling month. **Megadeth** at Saltair on the 28th. On the 29th go to Kilby Court. There you will find avant garde jazz by **Iceburn** and my new favorite local band, the **Joshua Payne Orchestra**.

Prepare to spend the last two nights of 1999 at Burt's Tiki Lounge. On the 30th it's **Sugarpants** ... I hear through the grapevine that they have something special planned.

As a 1999 grand finale, Burt's offers **Thunderfist** for their end of the world gala bash.

—Randy Harward

LAME ASS

Concert Previews

now. Inspiration, at least what passes for it on Planet SLUG, has punched the clock and headed off to Grandma's for the holidays. This is going to be the lamest Lame Ass Concert Previews ever.

Perhaps the absence of my muse doesn't deserve blame. December, after all, is a slow month for concerts, and who can blame any-

one for not wanting to tour during the holidays? Not even a Kiss or GWAR show could compete with the retail spectacle that commemorates the birth of Christ, so why try (especially when a fair to partly certain chance of world implosion exists)? Judging from the short list of shows I have been staring at, many bands share that opinion.

No really big shows rolling through town this month (this issue starts too late to count [ha!] the **Counting Crows** show that was at Saltair on the 3rd). Barely enough time to mention Martin Sexton's set at the Zephyr on the 6th. The singer-songwriter's new album is called *The American* and it is on Atlantic Records.

'Bout twenty hours later on the 7th, **Straightfaced**, **Clear**, **Death by Stereo**, and **Ignite** rawk the Real Ride Skate Park, then vacate the town to leave **Leftover Salmon** to entertain us at the Zephyr on the 8th and 9th. Now, I could try to fill space by expounding on the merits of this "polytechnic cajun slamgrass" band's latest release, *The Nashville Sessions* (Hollywood), seeing as I already did so a coupla months ago. Don't want to be repetitive ... redundant ... sound like a broken record. Just want to finish column. Get through winter. Hibernate during the cold, tuneless winter. Get

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photos / Trent Nelson

After my debut venture interviewing and getting to know local hardcore musical acts in Salt Lake, (remember TRIPHAMMER last month?) I thought I'd give it another whack (or rather get whacked by some of these people). Sure, why not? So as chance (or commodity) might have it, I ventured into talking to Clear, one of Salt Lake's progressive acts. It's funny because they were the first local band I ever saw. It also gave me a first hand look at Salt Lake Hardcore and its vast, yet sometimes undeniably VEXING, community. But this isn't going to be about that. That would be a whole different editorial. Let's just sick back and relax and talk about this enterprising group of people who make music. Five members, which include Jason Knott (vocals), Sean McClaugherty (bass), Mick Morris (1st Guitar), Tyler Smith (drums) and Levi Lebo (2nd Guitar) sat down with me in their rehearsal room and talked about the happenings in their band. In all honesty so as not to deceive YOU the reader, only two of them did the majority of the talking. In the dimly lit room where Metallica posters and a calendar with scantily clad women cover the wall, I sat and experienced this dark music by talking to the Sean and Jason about their project and what is to come.

SLUG: What has the band been up to all this time?
 SEAN: The band has been pretty slow for the last little while. Since Josh [Asher] left the band, we've been trying to get someone to replace him. We took some time off from playing shows, basically because we didn't have a guitar player. Because we knew Josh was leaving, we didn't attempt to write any new material up to about now. When we got back from touring earlier, Josh informed us that he was going to leave. He stayed with us for the summer dates up until August, which was when our last show was. We took a break after that and we've been trying out guitar players since then. We're getting ready to do a tour in late December/early January and Levi (formerly of Tripphammer) has graced us with the opportunity to play with him because he'll be coming with us and filling in on guitar for that tour, so we're all really excited about that. Things are running smooth again. We're all getting back into the regular rotation of hav-

ing work to do with the band.
 We all got a bit lax over the past few months. We kind of got used to not having a lot to do with the band, so now we're all faced with a lot of work and a bunch of responsibilities to do in order to get ready to leave in January.
 SLUG: Has it been stressful being worried about the band and its future?
 SEAN: Yeah, we really were worried there for a while about what our choices were going to be for the band. Josh had a very unique style of playing as far as emotions he expressed when he played and we needed to make sure that the person we got to replace him could deliver that kind of intensity and emotion. With Levi playing for us now, it's helping breathe new life into all of us. We were all getting kind of depressed about the band and we all sort wondered what was going to happen. But we're still together and there are no plans of breaking up. That's not going to happen. I've heard the rumor floating around that we would, or that we did, but we're not going to.
 SLUG: How do you think the change in line-up will affect the performance of the band?
 JASON: It currently makes it better. Trying to find someone was definitely a problem. We weren't necessarily looking for someone to fill Josh's shoes, so to speak, because every one's different, but basically to see someone play their instrument with passion and emotion and controlling what THEY do, not what the instrument does to them. As far as affecting the band, losing Josh and having felt what we felt as a combination of all five of us, we know what it feels like. But we had to hold off as long as we could. It makes it better because hopefully things will go well and far as a solid line up. I don't know. I just think that it could make the band better. I mean, that's the only thing that's going make us want to keep doing it.
 SLUG: And this will incorporate into how you will perform as well?
 JASON: Definitely. We all feel that our live performances have been the high point for the band for a really long time now so without that, it wouldn't be the same. It wouldn't be Clear. You wouldn't be watching Clear anymore. For the most part, we're really about the live experience so we're focusing on that as much as we can.

I'm going to break in here now and tell those who haven't seen them live should. They are excellent live. I personally feel that is what makes going to these shows so fun is the energy that is put out by the band and the audience's reaction: seeing the crowd trying to cram themselves into the stage and get on the microphone. I can't say that all the hardcore music shows I've seen live are good (some are actually worth leaving the building for), but with a band like Clear, it makes it more than just worthwhile. They try to improve their stage act by adding sampled sound and noises in between songs and such. Just little things like that that set them apart from your standard live Hard-core act.

JASON: I think hardcore in general, especially getting older and listening to it for as long as I have, it's hard to choke down for the average listener. It's getting more aggressive and heavier and louder. Everything that we've done live is a reflection of our lives. It's a reflection of who we are. What's given out is what we put into it. Sometimes it's uncontrollable. Every show, to me, is different. It might appear to look the same but it's all different. You can't really tell but I've cried at some and been upset at others.

SLUG: Are your lyrics always about pain and suffering?

JASON: The lyrics on that album were more personal to me. They kind of reflect on the "pain" type thing because that was exactly what was going on and what I was feeling at that time. When you're playing music as aggressive as ours is, it just makes it more appropriate to scream your head off about something that pisses you off or that hurt you or that somehow destroyed you at some point in your life so you write these lyrics when you're getting these aggressions out on paper and you put them to music, it seems only fitting that the music being so

aggressive that the lyrics be aggressive too. But a lot of times there can be beauty in that as well.

SEAN: As far as our band goes, I don't like to think of our band as a band that "touches" people. If we can do that, that'd be awesome. If people can tell us "What you said affected me in this way," than we're always excited about it, but I don't like to look at our band like this crazy band that make people feel a certain way. I'm talking about bands that have made me feel a certain way. The music can seem so aggressive and seem so heavy and so angry and pissed off but when it comes down to it that, if the band can do it right and they can project that emotion and can project that love for the music, than the people in the room just feed off of each other. That can be a beautiful thing. No matter how aggressive it seems, beauty can come out of it. That's what we try to do with every show.
 JASON: I find it really bothersome when most people are like "You're fucken angry." And I'm thinking, "I'm not angry." When they say that to me it's kind of like saying "I hate" and I don't hate. I just see it as they're not used to it or that they don't understand it.

Clear is moving onward. They're still together. They're still performing. Like Sean said, there will be upcoming shows this month and a tour for the latter part of this year and early next. There is also a benefit for the homeless with Clear and other acts on December 18th at the Kilby Court gallery, so everyone get down there to support local music and a worthy cause. Enjoy!!!!!!

—Jake

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"It becomes very important, what you do between the time you come and when you leave. The contribution of the music and the legacy of the music that will be left here is important. It's very rewarding to me from a personal standpoint."

—Late jazz great Milt Jackson

Legend is more than the achievement of the standard. Some jazz musicians transcend the norm and achieve icon status, to become legends.

Milt Jackson was one of those musicians.

One of the greatest vibraphone players of all time, and perhaps most fluent studio session man ever, Milt "Bags" Jackson died in a Manhattan hospital on Saturday, Oct. 10. He was 76 years old. Jackson had been fighting liver cancer for the last year or so.

I say one of the most fluent ever, because after a discussion with my jazzbo friend James W. Marshall, (Grammy winner) he mentioned Jackson's 100 or so albums that he played on. So I checked it out. Jim was a little off. Bags played on a colossal 274 albums. That is a number that is unfathomable by today's standards. Even if he started recording at the age of 20, that means he recorded on an album every two months for 56 years.

Supposedly, Milt Jackson got the nickname "Bags" from the perpetual bags underneath his eyes. Maybe it was just a cool nickname. He brought a more bluesy sound to the vibraphone adapting it to the prevalent be-bop sound of the 40's, although Lionel Hampton was the first to get Jackson interested in the vibes. "I was first drawn to the instrument hearing Lionel Hampton play with Benny Goodman's quartet," Jackson once said. "I had played the vibes with local groups in Detroit, from the time I was 16. But we were still in the middle of the swing era. Bebop had not become that prominent at that time."

Jackson worked in a pick-up band that backed one of Dizzy Gillespie's early solo tours. "At that time it was prominent for musicians to come to a town and pick up musicians from that town where they were performing," he recalled. "He came to a jam session where we were playing and he heard me play. I guess he was impressed with my playing. He encouraged me to come to New York, and in fact he even offered me a job. I was working for Dizzy from 1945, off and on until '53."

All the while Milt was working on his own side project with fellow Gillespie band mate pianist John Lewis, bassist Ray Brown and drummer Kenny Clarke. This group eventually became the Modern Jazz Quartet, hailed for close to 50 years as one of the greatest, longest-lived, most popular bands in jazz. Needless to say Milt had a tremendous career, both with the Modern Jazz Quartet, solo records and his various appearances with other greats like Miles Davis, Ben Webster and Quincy Jones. I could go on for most of this magazine and still not get it all in. Point made? If you haven't already done so, you should check this jazz giant out. Trying to say which Jackson record to buy for starters would be futile as there are so many great ones, but a good place to start is any or all of the following. Bag's Groove, Bluesology, Plenty Plenty Soul and Miles Davis' Quintet/Sextet.

(thanks to Hank Bordowitz and Jim Marshall for the Bags quotes)

Irvin Mayfield
Live at the Blue Note
Half Note Records /
Irvin Mayfield
Basin Street Records

An unlikely source (pigskin cohort T. Medley) walked into my office with the Irvin Mayfield Live at the Blue Note cd in hand and said simply "this guy can play." That was, as it turns out, a drastic understatement. Even more



surprising is that Irvin is tearing up stages all over the world and has a studio album to go along with the live @ the Blue Note disc that has some tremendous original Mayfield tunes on it. All this at the tender age of 21. That's right he's barely legal. Irvin was born in the American birthplace of jazz, New Orleans. Inspired by jazz great Miles Davis, he was playing trumpet in his own band at the age of 16. Now he writes and plays with his quartet, and Los Hombres Calientes with Bill Summers and Jason Marsalis. He looks straight out of the Cotton Club circa 1940 and sounds like the next great trumpet player you'll ever hear.

Charlie Hunter /
Leon Parker
Duo
Blue Note

When Charlie Hunter makes a new record he forces himself to not only look at, but to dissect new things, different situations and eclectic players to record with. This time he teams up with Leon Parker, an outstanding percussionist who he met on the street in Brooklyn. Hunter admits "He wasn't very familiar with any of my previous albums, which was a good thing because we built a style together that wasn't based on preconceived notions." Hunter must have felt good with the whole NY vibe since he moved there to record "Duo." It pays off in the enjoyment of this record, a true feel record that has some blues and jazz attitude but the best tunes are when the two just go into deep groove mode. Very subtle and powerful. Side note: they do a great cover of "Don't Talk" off the Beach Boys' Pet Sounds album.

Don Byron
Romance With The
Unseen
Blue Note

Don Byron plays the clarinet like a guy walking down the street checking out all the things he sees and playing it back to them. I just love this record. It doesn't hurt that Mr. Guitar himself, Bill Frisell plays on it either. Byron also brings bassist Drew Gess and drummer Jack DeJohnette into the fold for a session that has the re occurring theme of romance laced through the songs. Don't think sappy romance, think the romance of art, paintings, rainy days and such. Byron may be best known for playing in the Duke Ellington Orchestra in the late 80's, but he has definitely

carved a spot for himself in the future with what is a great feel record. Covers of "I'll Follow the Sun" and "One Finger Snap" appear with the rest of Don Byron's knack for composing songs that sound like old time standards with a clarinet twist where your usual horn would be.

—Maxx

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face-death. The stranger pleaded with the man "this was an accident, I can fix you up and you will

SLUG Magazine

page 13



SUPERSUCKERS

The Heathman

Danong Eagle

Eddie Spaghetti

Dani "Thunder" Bolton

Where do I begin? If you don't know who the Supersuckers are, then I would suggest pulling your empty little head out of the hole it's in and getting a god-damned clue. This is the quintessential listen if you have ever done drugs, gotten laid, or shoplifted Hustler from your local newsstand. Ever drank enough whiskey to make you want to kill someone?

The new Supersuckers album will give you the balls to do it.

I can't tell you enough about how the Supersuckers will out and out kick you, and your mother's ass. Want to know why I like the Supersuckers so much? Because they rock! There's no lame ass 'alternative' here, and sure as hell no "frat-boy funk-metal", only straight, head-pounding, ear-splitting, devil-worshipping rock! I can't say the word enough... rock... rock... rock.

"The Evil Powers of Rock and Roll" coincidentally, is the name of the new album. That's right, a new album, and it is great. I don't think I want to go into how great, you judge for yourself.

When asked if I would like to talk to Eddie Spaghetti, vocalist and bassist of these chosen warriors of rock, I jumped up and immediately did the 'Hail Satan!' salute. In a very Dante-esque manner, I had to journey through bad digital cellular hell to get in touch with Eddie. He was on the road between Austin and nowhere according to him, and I let the interview begin...

SLUG: You there?

EDDIE: Yes, I am here.

SLUG: Okay, I'm glad to finally get to talk to you, this cell phone insanity is making me fidgety.

EDDIE: Yeah, sorry it took so long...

SLUG: It's cool, no hard feelings here. Let's talk about your band and Utah for a moment. You haven't done too many shows here, and...

EDDIE: Yeah, it's been a while since we've been back there, and I don't know why. I don't book the shows, I just pile out of the van.

SLUG: I'm glad to get a hold of you. I'll let you know right off the bat that I'm not really any sort of journalist, (Thank God) just a big fan of your music. I should probably quit stroking you now, because I'm starting to sound like a Tiger Beat writer.

EDDIE: Right on. It's all right.

SLUG: It's been a while since the last Supersuckers rock album. I understand that you were on Interscope Records for a while, and there was some kind of difficulty in getting your album out. What in hell is wrong with those guys?

EDDIE: Well, when we put out the country album, (Must've Been High) we were of the mind set that we would be able to have a rock record out within six months or so, at the latest. We signed with Interscope, and to our 'chagrin' I guess you could call it, they ended up moving at a much slower pace than we wanted. We recorded an album for them, and they wound up sitting on it for a long time. It ended up being a year that they had the damn thing, and it was done! So, we finally said "screw it." We re-recorded the album, put it out on a different label, and terminated our agreement with Interscope.

SLUG: On your new album the Aces & Eights logo is on the back, isn't that your own label?

EDDIE: Yes, it is.

SLUG: Do you have any other releases on that label?

EDDIE: No, not yet, this is the first full length.

Well, we've put out that single of ours, and we put out a

Gerald Collier 5 song CD, an EP, I guess you'd call it.

SLUG: Cool.

EDDIE: And, we plan on, since we're working with Koch, we plan on being able to offer bands a budget, and actually have a roster. We plan on becoming a 'real' label.

SLUG: You've toured with Gerald Collier, haven't you?

EDDIE: Yeah, we've done a lot of stuff with Gerald. He's an old friend of ours from the Arizona days. He moved up to Seattle before we did with his band (Best Kissers in the World) and now he's a country artist of sorts.

SLUG: Speaking of country, do you see another country album in the Supersuckers future?

EDDIE: Oh yeah, what we do best is play that shit ass rock and roll, but I sure like making up country songs. The band likes it, and I can definitely see us doing it again in the future. I think we're going to have to crank out a few more rock albums, though. Just to alleviate the confusion.

SLUG: Your new album kicks ass. I don't think anyone has any doubts that you're still a rock band.

EDDIE: Well, I appreciate that. I'm real proud of the new record, and I think it's the best one we've made yet.

SLUG: In my opinion, you guys are way underrated in the music 'business.' What do you think of some of the major acts that are around, and when do the Supersuckers plan on taking over the "World of Rock?"

EDDIE: (laughs) Well, it would be nice to be popular, and sell lots of records, or whatever, but if I had my choice between credibility and popularity, I'd gladly sit right where I'm sitting right now. I don't really hear any rock bands that are popular. What they're calling rock these days is just a bunch of angry, white rap 'dudes.' I don't get it at all. It sounds like A&R guys just run around to every frat house in America and offer record contracts. It's just retarded.

SLUG: How long do you plan on touring to support the new album?

EDDIE: I think we'll tour pretty solid through the next year. Our new label situation is such that we don't have to deal with a three month window to get it all done and promoted. We can take as long as we want, and go all over the world. You know, spread the evil powers!

SLUG: Hail Satan!

EDDIE: You got that right.

SLUG: You put on one of the best live shows I've ever seen...

EDDIE: Killer.

SLUG: Who puts on the best live shows that you've ever seen?

EDDIE: Oh boy, there's a few out there. I'd say Rocket from the Crypt, definitely puts on the best all around show I've seen a rock band do in a long time.

SLUG: Definitely.

EDDIE: For me, they're in a world where... Rocket from the Crypt is not the most popular band around, can there be justice? Can there be peace? I don't think so...

SLUG: The first time I saw them, they blew me away...

EDDIE: Yeah, they kick ass. They deliver the full package.

SLUG: Who are some of the musical influences that have turned you into the evil bastard that you are?

EDDIE: I will always cite the holy trilogy of Motorhead, the Ramones, and AC/DC. Those bands are the ones that set me on the path to create the Supersuckers.

SLUG: Cool. I'll keep with my in-depth Tiger Beat reporting, and ask you is it true that one of you has an AC/DC tattoo?

EDDIE: (laughs) Indeed, it is true. Mr. Rontrose Heathman has an AC/DC tattoo that he got in high school, and it kicks ass!

SLUG: Right on! Is it good

to have Ron back in the band?

EDDIE: Yeah, I don't think anything better could have happened to us.

SLUG: Cool. When I saw you guys Ron was on 'hiatus,' and you had Rick from the Didjits playing with you. Has that band been an influence on the Supersuckers?

EDDIE: Yeah, the Didjits were a big influence on us, and when we didn't have Ron we thought we should ask Rick to play. We had heard the Didjits were broken up, so we thought it would be cool to have a Didjit in the band, seeing as how we had listened to their records thousands of times. Rick is a great man, and his new band the Gaza Strippers is great, but we are not the Supersuckers without Ron Heathman. When he got back in the band it just re-ignited everyone's fire, and everything is back the way it should be...

SLUG: Right on. Other than Rocket from the Crypt, who excites you musically, but not sexually?

EDDIE: Zeke excites me to no end. I think they just kick ass! They are one of those rock bands for those who have accepted rock as their personal savior. Also, I'm really grooving on this new band (although I heard they broke up) called Turbonegro, they're from Norway. This record called 'Apocalypse Dudes' is just kicking our ass right now. It's been kicking our asses for months, it's amazing. I am into bands like the Hellacopters, Electric Frankenstein, New Bomb Turks, the Dwarves. There's always been a lot of good bands lurking beneath the surface of what you would consider 'popular' music.

At this point we began to talk about the West Memphis Three. For those of you who don't know anything about this case rent the documentary, 'Paradise Lost' from your local video store. It chronicles the arrests, trials, and subsequent convictions of three teenagers accused of murdering children in West Memphis, Tennessee in 1993. One of the teens is currently on death row for his conviction. The documentary brings to light enormous holes in the prosecution, and makes it hard to believe that the people tried were actually convicted much less sentenced to death. All three boys were considered unpopular in their community. They were known as "Satan Worshipers," due to their wearing black clothing, listening to heavy metal and dying their hair. All three were big fans of Metallica, who did the soundtrack for the documentary. The Supersuckers are also involved in the Free the West Memphis Three fund, which is basically trying to raise money for legal representation during the appeals process. It's an alarming video if you're from a small town, and were considered one of the not 'normal' kids. Anyway, back to the interview...

SLUG: Yeah, totally. I heard that you were putting together a benefit album for the West Memphis 3 that had a lot of support from even the popular bands, how is that coming?

EDDIE: Yeah, that is fully underway. Other than the Supersuckers record, that will be our first release. That's coming along really well. We have a lot of bands lined up to do it, there's Zeke, Supersuckers, Rocket from the Crypt, Steve Earle, and maybe a Willie Nelson song too. The

album's going to be really diverse, and hopefully real cool. Even bands that you might consider cheesy, like Smashmouth and Fastball are offering up songs for it, and I'm not going to say no to them. If they're down with the cause then it's all right. Say what you will about the popularity of these bands, or what they do musically, but the fact that they're willing to help out with this is really cool of them.

SLUG: How did you find out about the West Memphis Three, and what is your opinion of the entire situation?

EDDIE: Well, I found out about the whole thing through the documentary those fellas made called 'Paradise Lost,' and when I saw it I was bummed out because it's apparent that these kids were totally railroaded. I didn't really think, "What can I do?" but I was talking to a friend about it, and we decided that maybe we could do something for these people. We started to get in touch with them, and found the support group for them, and tried to figure out what we could do. One of these guys, (Damien Echols) is on death row, and his appeal comes up in April. We're trying to time the release of this record to coincide with that appeal to hopefully help him be released.

SLUG: Man, watching that, and having a knowledge of the law, I was amazed that these kids were even charged, much less tried and convicted. Southern justice must be a real scam.

EDDIE: Yeah, what it boils down to is that they didn't have money, so they didn't have proper representation. They didn't have any of the resources that are necessary in a murder trial. The thing that really stinks to me is that I could be walking down the street dressed as I dress (a little left of center), what happens if the police see me near the scene of a crime? They pick me up, search my house, see my record collection, see what I'm into, and basically throw me into jail because I'm a freak to them. You say to yourself that this could never really happen in America, but it sure as shit does...

SLUG: It's sad, because it's not really the way it is everywhere in the South, but just that one

area.

EDDIE: It's the area that the crimes were committed in, they were so hungry to get a 'culprit' so that they could rest a little easier knowing that the "Devil Worshipers" were off the streets.

SLUG: I think that it's really cool that you would even be involved, much less put forth the effort that you have.

EDDIE: Thanks man...

SLUG: Okay, back to the Tiger Beat. Who smokes more pot, Supersuckers or Willie Nelson?

EDDIE: You know what, I think that Willie Nelson smokes

more pot than I do, but I can't speak for the band. (At this point, Rontrose Heathman burps into the telephone.)

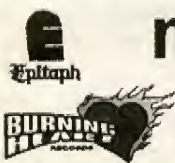
SLUG: Thanks for doing this interview, hope you guys pass through Salt Lake soon.

EDDIE: Sure Jeremy, see you then...

—Jeremy Cardenas

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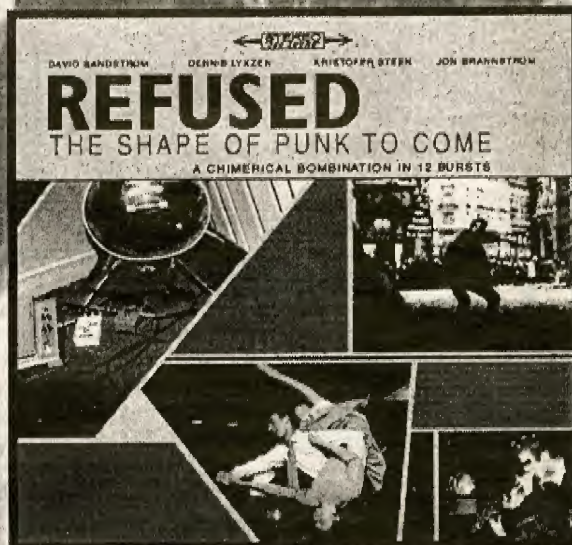


(KKKK) - Kerrang!



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L.A.'S ZEN FEST MARRIED BY NO SHOWS, TEMPER

It was supposed to be Los Angeles' trance festival of the year, boasting such genre notables as hometown boy Christopher Lawrence as well as Nalin & Kane, Way Out West's Jody Wisternoff, Marcus Schultz, and the uncompromising Seb Fontaine. Instead temper tantrums on the turntables seemed to reign over Saturday night's (Nov. 6) Zen Fest as notable vinyl spinning maestros cut their sets short or skipped out on performing all together, leaving only the hearty and dedicated to carry the beat through what should have been nine hours of dance floor madness.

The evening's entertainment was spread out among five venues, two of which closed not long after 1 a.m. Despite the consolidation of venue space, the triumphant set by British superclub Cream resident, Fontaine, went largely unnoticed. He may look like your uncle, but Fontaine mans the turntables like your infinitely cool older brother. It was his second gig ever in the United States (he played the previous night in San Francisco), and despite the jet lag he must have been suffering, he unassumingly crept on stage at 1.30 a.m. and got down and dirty, weaving his way through a thunderous set. His audience has largely been British clubbers, but the clubs he spins at in England — Cream in Liverpool, Gatecrasher in Sheffield — boast infinitely diverse crowds, which have undoubtedly influ-

enced his style. Fontaine's sets are unique and challenge each dance floor individually — a style that works Stateside, unlike several British DJ contemporaries who take on the U.S. market with a pre-arranged agenda of dance hits. Though only a quarter of the dome was full, he swiftly took charge melding trance classics through to techno stompers, swirling progressive house, and ending with trance anthems. It was two short hours of adrenaline fueled bliss and then he was gone.

Thomas Michael had a similar night to Fontaine in the "Darius" arena when he took to the box at 3 a.m. His set, which included the flirty, storming "Toca Me" by Fragma, was light and airy and provided some levity to the disappointment caused by cancellations and walkouts from various DJs and live acts. Technical difficulties kept Nalin & Kane, who had a big trance hit in the summer with "Beach Ball," from even playing. L.A.'s own Lawrence began his set, stopped before the first record finished, and packed up according to those who went to see him in the "Tent" arena while Fontaine was on in the "Citrus" dome. Inertia, Justin Nichols, and Cirrus were all no shows.

Tucson, Ariz.'s Marcus Schultz and San Francisco's Troy Roberts, who both played early in the evening, started Zen Fest off well (Schultz worked in BT's new one, "Misery & Solace") but nothing managed to provide the evening with the cohesion it needed to string together the nine-hour event. Even with carnival-esque dancers on stilts and stunning light shows, Zen Fest proved to be a chunky, cut and paste evening lacking fluidity.

— M. Jolie Lash / allstardailynews

TRY A SALT LICK

Art is not dead in Utah. You just need to know where it survives. WWW.THESALT.COM is a "local element" where art can be discovered in Salt Lake, hell, even in Ogden. The site features free Web pages for anyone with artistic tendencies, a zine, a chat room, and live broadcasting from Kilby Court Gallery.

With over 700 performances on the 'Saltzine' archives, you could watch a new Utah talent every night for a few years. Poetry in your wildest dreams hasn't been this good. Check out Alex Caldiero's latest. Or listen to the likes of Red Bennies, Melissa Warner, and The Moon Family. Dance is a live and kicking experience. Watch The Wasatch Dance Collective's show. One of the coolest things about the Cyber Salt Lake is that everyone is welcome, and this site wants You-tah to get involved. So tune in, turn on, and don't drop out...

—Mandy

JAM TRIBUTE HITS U.S. IN JANUARY

The star-studded Jam tribute album that hit English record stores this past week now has an American release date. Epic Records will release Fire and Skill: The Songs of the Jam, which features a slew of talent from both side of the Atlantic, on Jan. 27.

Most notably, Fire and Skill features the first song Oasis frontman Liam Gallagher has recorded outside of the band — a duet with Ocean Colour Scene's Steve Cradock on the Jam tune "Carnation." Liam's counterpart, Noel Gallagher, offers "To Be Someone," a song the singer/songwriter has played during his acoustic-only mini-set within Oasis Be Here Now tour in 1997-98. The Beastie Boys cover "Start!" for the record; Jam founder Paul Weller joins Cradock on "No One In The World"; And Smiths proteges Gene have recorded what was perhaps the Jam's best known song in America, "A Town Called Malice." Others artists on the album include Reef ("That's Entertainment"), Garbage ("The Butterfly Collector"), Ben Harper ("The Modern World"), Everything But The Girl ("English Rose"), and Buffalo Tom ("Going Underground"), among others. Fire and Skill surfaced on Ignition Records in England on Nov. 6.

—Kevin Raub / allstardailynews

Los Lobos' Search continues...

The Los Angeles County Sheriff's department is seeking the public's help with the Sandra Rosas case. Rosas is the wife of Los Lobos' Cesar Rosas and was reported missing on Oct. 23 from

her home in the East Los Angeles neighborhood of Rowland Heights. Originally thought to be a kidnapping, police now say they believe it is a homicide case.

They are currently looking for an unidentified man who may have dropped off Gabriel Gomez, Sandra Rosas' half-brother who is being held as the prime suspect, though he has not been charged with the crime, at the Rosas' La Puente, Calif. around 10:30 p.m. Oct. 23. The only information detectives have about the man, who is not a suspect, is that he is believed to have been driving a shiny, red compact car. Anyone with information about the man should contact sheriff's homicide detectives Scott or Zumwalt at 323.890.5500.

In a statement released late Tuesday (Nov. 16), homicide detectives said they "have little hope that Sandra Rosas will be found alive, but are still continuing their investigation." Meanwhile, Gomez is still being held at the Twin Towers Correctional Facility on a parole violation.

—Carrie Borzillo / allstardailynews

EINSTUERZENDE TATTOOS

Veteran German industrial group Einstuerzende Neubauten is searching the world for fans who have tattoos of the band on their bodies and, assuming such people exist, the best ones will be featured as the cover artwork for the band's upcoming album. The still-untitled recording will be released in spring of 2000 and is meant to celebrate the Berlin-based group's 20-year anniversary on April 1.

Photos of your best Neubauten tattoos can be e-mailed to the band at: en@freibank.com or mailed to: Einstuerzende Neubauten, Ditmar-Koel-Str.26., 20459 Hamburg, Germany.

E.N.'s latest release, a four-song EP called Total Eclipse Of The Sun, was released by Mute in August. Reports that Einstuerzende Neubauten will next hold a contest to pick a new band name that Americans can pronounce couldn't be confirmed at press time.

—Troy J. Augusto / allstardailynews

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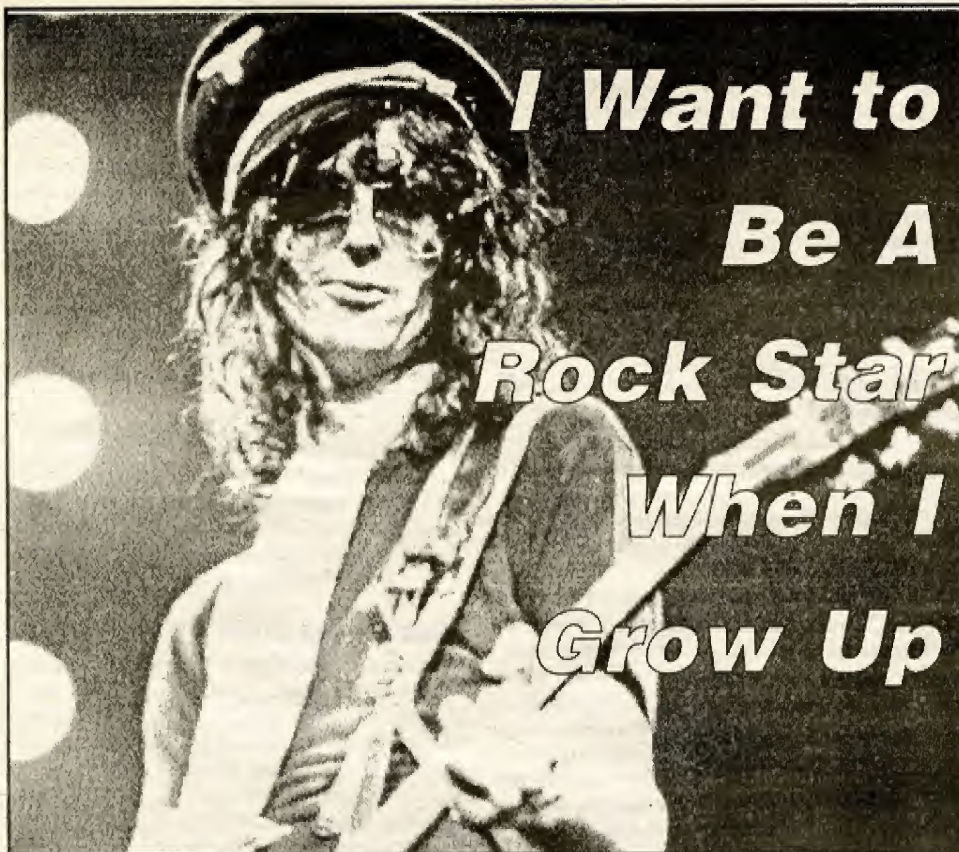


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I want to be a rock star when I grow up, that's all I want to be. I'll put Mario to sleep at the beginning of level 9, leaving the princess to her captures torment. The back flipping foosball players will discontinue their acrobatic stunts until I've made my dream come true. I'll buy a guitar from the local, "I swear that's mine and not stolen," pawn shop in my town. A relic of a Gibson, Fender or maybe a Hondo will have to do.

I'll start by getting all of my friends to join my band, have a blood pack to "always be together until the day we die." With my high school friends in a high school band singing songs only high school kids will understand. We'll be original right down to the core. Tinker Toys sounds like a right proper original band name to me. We'll dress so cool in our flannel shirts, ripped jeans,

upgrade our name to something more obscene. 'Bay of Swines' sounds pretty unique. Every show we'll change our act, get drunker than a skunk. Three pitchers is a lot to a 19 year old teen. After several years of the same bars, same crowds, a record scout in the smoke filled room will magically appear. He'll pull me to the side lines and pull down my ear. "Your the one, your the one that were looking for don't you see." "Just me", I'll reply with a glimmer in my eye. "The bands holding you down come with me." That's my ticket out of here, I'll be a rock star soon, shaking this salty town from my shoes.

"Oh, the places he'll go," they'll say.

I now have studio musicians, blood sucking agents, plus record company hounds. There's 12 songs on my

singing about teen spirit and places we'll never see.

"Their pretty loud don't you think," our parents will say.

I can see it all now, we'll be the most popular kids in school, but we'll keep that quiet as any rock star in the making should. Starting out in the basement or garage, moving up to playing assemblies and covering songs from bands we've never heard. Were moving up in the world, we'll be the talk of the town. As our shows improve so will our I.D.'s. Thanks to paint thinner and exacto knife we'll all be 21, you'll see. At local bars I heard that bands drink for free. After I've learned more than the A-D cords, we'll shake the chains of high school from our feet and join the local scene.

"They're going somewhere you'll see," our parents will reply.

By now we'll have to

new album, but none of them are mine. I did write the hidden track, but it's pretty hard to find. Now with the record pressed I have time for other rock star perks. Women, fame, sex with a little dash of candy. I have all I want, this is what I wanted to be, it's the beginning of my rock star dream.

"Welcome to the jungle we've got fun and games."

'I Mad-Dam' hit the charts at 77 and moved up to 71. After 360 days of touring I have quite a few stories to tell. Biting the heads off bats, orgies under the sound stage, indecent exposure in Miami, rehab with Betty. I burned my guitar at a Woodstock show, the crowd just sat and stared. Puffy and Cube said it was a good idea during a back stage doob. I guess a white man bringing back Hendrix' ghost wasn't a good idea. Then "Pop goes my world," in a blink of an eye.

"I hate to see rock stars burn perfectly good guitars", they'll say.

I would have liked to burn out like my guitar, instead of fade away, that's the true rock star way. I was a 'One hit Wonder' with a song I never wrote. Trying to drowned my sorrows, I ended up on 'Junkie of the Month.' With the loss of my dreams I'll come back to the 'planet of the brine shrimp', my tail between my legs. Now all I have left is a story of my rock star fame in a local magazine, in West Valley slinging rock cocaine.

Sounds like a great idea, women, money and fame; the rock star dream. After a long nap and some foot ball soup I returned Mario stranded on a ledge. That princess is looking pretty hot prize to win right now. I'll leave the work and dreams up to someone else, because like my good friend Tom said, "I don't want to grow up."

— Josh

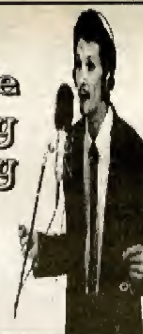
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12/13 Sidewalk Religion & Zambu Fly

CD Reviews

ADZ / ADZ Amsterdamm Records

This collection of "compilation tracks, singles, split-EPs, rare bonus trax, live recordings, demos, outtakes, and pissets" was my first taste of ADZ. Now, my hunger for more of their snotty, grooving, punk cannot be sated.

The album is diggable in its entirety, but if I were forced to pick a favorite tune, it would be a toss-up between "Jackson," which features BellRays vocalist Lisa Kekaula-Vennum, and the track that immediately follows, "Jerk Off."

Dr. Randy prescribes two complete spins daily. Take with beer.

—Randy Harward

Archer Prewitt White Sky / Carrot Top

Acoustic-electric, quasi-orchestral, neo-Floydian soundscapes and reflective lyrics. Doesn't it just scream "STONER"? Sure, before you spin it. Afterwards ... you might call Archer Prewitt a genius talent.

—Randy Harward

Faze Action / Moving Cities Warner Bros.

When I first picked this promo up, I knew that I owned something (remix?) by them, but couldn't quite put a finger on it. I procrastinated listening to it till almost the end of my deadline, and it turns out to be one of the most pleasant surprises of the bunch. While checking my collection out, I put "Moving Cities" on, and started grooving to it immediately. Near the end of the alphabet I figured out where I knew them from, their fantastic remix of Saint Etienne's "Sylvie." And like that eclectic remix, "Moving Cities" combines many music styles and influences, and offers up a pretty impressive U.S. debut. (Their last album was their 1997 UK release, "Plans & Designs.")

Faze Action is actually brothers Simon and Robin Lee, working with the talented Zeke Manuika (of Style Council and Orange Juice fame) on four tracks, and the equally amazing Vanessa Freeman on one. The album is full of funky little ditties, especially the great title track, "Got to Find a Way," and "Space Disco." Their major club hit, "Kariba" is here, as is the classic "In The Trees." It is pretty astounding to read that for their debut single, 1995's "Original Disco Motion," the brothers completed it and other recordings while in separate countries. "Moving Cities" then is their first face-to-face musical collaboration, an effort one hopes will be repeated in the future. With the Lee brothers' musical influences fused so brilliantly here, Faze Action is definitely worth investigating on your own.

—Son of Damian

Manic Street Preachers This is My Truth, Tell Me Yours Virgin

I have yet to be satisfied with a Manic Street Preachers release since their mind-boggling 1991 debut, *Generation Terrorists*. Each new effort since has been a diluted, boring disappointment. Despite that, I eagerly anticipate the release of new Manics like a battered spouse, chanting, "They were so good when I first discovered them. Then they just started to suck. It's just a phase. They'll recover."

No. They won't. Fuck 'em.

—Randy Harward

Zenith / Flowers of Intelligence The Music Cartel

Zenith is Italian-born Federico Franchi. Having created several hits in other countries, under different aliases, and apparently 'bored' with the lack of outlets for his style of techno in his native Italy, this is Franchi's first U.S. offering, "Flowers of Intelligence." More of a collection of a pretty sounding synths and breakdowns than songs, the CD's promo sticker says "contrasted with hard industrial drumbeats," which don't actually kick in until the title track, six songs in. Fortunately, these 'heavy' drums complement the tracks, rather than distract from them the way industrial music sometimes tends to do. You have to forgive the titles of the tracks too, and since vocals are scare here, it's not very easy to remember them anyway. For my money I would have left-off the horrific "Skaht Laiceps" which

reminds me of the Aphex Twin at his most annoying. (Less a song and more of just noises.) Each song generally drifts into the next, and I wouldn't say that there is one specific 'breakout' tune, rather I would say that "Flowers of Intelligence" would make nice 'background' music at a party. The album's closing opus, the 20 minute "A Tear in Heart" is impressive in it's ambitiousness with sound and texture, if not just a tad too long. But don't let that discourage you from checking Zenith out.

—Son of Damian

Dogma Motion Picture Soundtrack Maverick

Let's face it, soundtrack-only tunes could be made much more-accessible to the public on cheaper CD singles or at least on releases that feature only the artist(s) you're buying it for in the first place, but I guess that's not the point. These are put on, of course, to help sell the more-expensive soundtrack, and maybe one day the song will be made available on that artists' boxed set, but that might

be a long time off. The record company is hoping that you buy the soundtrack, no? In some cases this works miracles, and if you're say, Alanis Morissette, and you've had success before in this medium (remember that little song on "City of Angels"?), then it makes sense to keep up the formula. "Dogma," the original soundtrack to the film is no exception. There is a slight difference here from the "formula" in that there is only the one "song," Morissette's haunting "Still," while

the rest of the CD is mostly orchestrated tracks from the movie. (The exception being the oddly catchy "Mooby the Golden Calf.")

Having not seen the controversial movie yet, with its supposedly funny take on religious doctrines, it is hard for me to criticize these other tracks. Howard Shore (the talented and prolific scorer of dozens of other films) writes moody and dramatic music. (When the violins build up sinistraly, you imagine something exciting MUST be happening on screen.) This is great if you're watching the movie, but does little if you're just listening to the soundtrack. Oh well. Instead of dwelling on that, I'll end this review on Morissette's "Still." Actually having the distinction of playing God in the movie (apparently as a mute and female nonetheless) Morissette wrote "Still" inspired by the film. Recorded in London's famed Abbey Road Studios, "Still" has a middle-eastern tinge about it, and features what is becoming a Morissette trademark, an unforgettable and hummable chorus; I was hooked by the second listen. You outta know (!) that according to the literature that came with this promo, it says that "Still" will be released exclusively on this soundtrack. Consider yourself warned.

—Son of Damian

The Brilliant Mistakes All Hands and the Cook Aunt Mimi's Records

There's a line on track number three ("Absence of Passion") of this album that says, "She's got somethin' that you'd call natural charm." Goes double for The Brilliant Mistakes. When you put Stax/Volt-era horns ("If That Ain't Why"), a Hammond organ (opening tune "Deny the Sun"), and three crack songwriters together to make an album, resultant charm is inevitable.

—Randy Harward

Headcase / Mushiness The Music Cartel

Headcase is made by Dean Garcia. Dean Garcia, for those who might not know, first made waves playing the bass guitar for Eurythmics' early touring band and on some of their 80's albums, including "Touch" and "Be Yourself Tonight." Then, hooking up with vocalist Toni Halliday, together they formed the indie band Curve, whose last album was a commercially underrated gem, "Come Clean." And like that last effort, "Mushiness" is both experimental and dark, its heavy dance sound leaning mostly towards — though certainly not stuck in — drum'n'bass. Garcia music is most-interesting when he combines snippets of dialogue and vocals from guests such as J.C. 001, Martian, and Barry Maquire, and more interestingly, his own nine-year-old daughter, Rose Berlin, and his Curve co-hort, Toni Halliday, here looped on "Lola." He twists and distorts the vocals, and they seem to be more background than in the forefront, which there's nothing wrong with in this heavier and more experimental type of sound, especially on the great "O.K. Washing

Machine" and "Zero Zero Four."

Having first made its debut on the Internet earlier this year, to apparent success, "Mushiness" the recording is 15 tracks long, clocking in about an hour. Though not quite as accessible as say Curve's music, when the listener reaches "Lola," and hears Halliday's familiar (if not distorted) voice, it is a nice reprieve. "Breakdown," a pretty instrumental, closes the album. In addition to some other collaborations, Garcia is also involved in his label (mushimushi) and some interactive releases, including a cybgame called Soundbox, an image from which serves as the album's art. Though the writing is pretty hard-to-read, especially the song titles, it will hardly matter when listening, as the music simply pulls you in. Another fascinating chapter in Dean Garcia's career, and worth investigating.

—Son of Damian

Jact Trauma Records

Put this record in not knowing what to expect what I got is watered down Verve. I'm pretty sick of all this danceable disaffectedness(sp?) The British will shovel to us as culture. Because we apparently can handle making music ourselves. I know I'm way off on a tangent here but why is it all the pop bands say they're the next Beatles ... They are never the next Elvis ... Ah well the record is drivell.

—sausage king

Madder Rose / Hello June Fool Thirsty Ear Records

I listened to this record at just the right time. a rainy cold day where I wanted lilting charms and not energy driving anything. This record was really a nice change for me since I hadn't listened to my Mazzy Star discs in awhile. This record is a little more musical than Hope and crew's ethereal drip. Pick it up if you like "nice" music and the occasional lyrical hook.

—sausage king

Tiger Army Hellcat Records

Rockabilly!!!! Get the picture? If any of you readers are dumbfucks and still don't know what Rockabilly is, pick this cd up. This disc is a driving force from the world of stand-up bass. At first I was cautious, because of the involvement of those Rancid guys. Then I figured, "What the hell?" A need for a musical fix had taken hold. The only worry was that it might sound more punk then rockabilly. After a few spins, I was breaking furniture, drinking tons of Gin, calling up teenage sluts, and then racing at drunken speeds towards the cemetery. This is a solid album that gets you stomping around and air-stand-up-bassing around the house. Elements of Misfits, Rev. Horton Heat, and Halloween (the holiday) run rampant through the thirteen tracks. Apparently, the guys from A.F.I. sing back-up

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CD Reviews



vocals; their creepy elements and voices are here. A nice Honky Tonk Country tune (like Mike Ness songs) gives it a moment of calm, then its back to racing down the cemetery roads at unholy speeds as flames spread out to engulf the unfaithful. Hellcat is a division of Epitaph records and it has a good production sound, every slap is heard. Ahhh, the attitude, the liquor, the vintage cars, the pompadour haircut, the.....ah, sorry. This album gets the imagery going. Yeeehaahh!! This is such good shit!! Nick 13 is the principle song writer and he is a talented motherfucker with a strong voice. If this band ever comes to play here, you had better get out my way as I tear it up front. Slapping the knee and shaking my fist as I booze it up and stagger around. I'd interview them and buy them a shot in a heartbeat. It's good to see a band like this burning bright for the future of Rockabilly. Get this album, see 'em if they come here, because it will help satisfy your evil ways. As the sunsets, I sit here in the bar, toasting whiskey and taking my hat off to them.

—Kevlar7

Pet Shop Boys / Nightlife

Parlophone/Sire

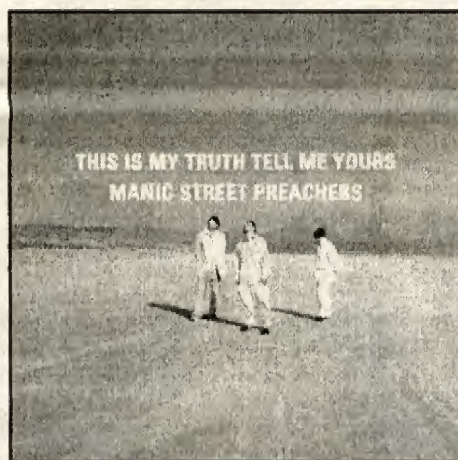
Having preceded the current "Latin" movement by about 3 years with their underrated 1996 release "Bilingual," Neil Tennant and Chris Lowe (better known as the Pet Shop Boys) return to the music scene with a loosely-based "concept" album, entitled "Nightlife." Comprised of 12 tunes, and working with some great producers (David Morales, Craig Armstrong, and Rollo from Faithless) the Boys capture a certain stance on the present "club scene" in typical Pet Shop Boys fashion: combining great music, dramatic lyrics, hilarious titles, and sparkling wit all at the same time. The effort, though bogged down somewhat by some leaden ballads, mostly works. If viewed a "dance" album, the first 3 cuts, "For Your Own Good," "Closer to Heaven" and the lush "I Don't Know What You Want But I

Can't Give It Anymore" are simply superb. Lowe's deft music stylings have always contrasted well with Tennant's lyrics and phrasing, and on "I Don't Know..." when Tennant sings "Shall I take further blame or another assault on how it was/Then we'll get to the fact that it's always my fault just because" his voice is bathed in gorgeous strings, crescendoing keyboards, and a driving beat that is one of the album's highlights. Other upbeat stand-outs are "Vampires," "Radiophonic," and the catchy "New York City Boy," whose all-male chorus and backgrounds recall the kitsch of the Village People, while its lyrics are 100% Pet Shop Boys: "When you're a boy/some days are tough/lying on your bed/playing punk rock and stuff."

As far as ballads go, the Boys have written some of the last decade's most memorable: "Being Boring," "Jealousy" & "Dreaming of the Queen" arguably amongst their best. On "Nightlife," the optimistic and pretty "Happiness Is An Option" is the first of only 2 great ballads, featuring a great vocal boost from longtime vocal collaborator Sylvia Mason-James. The humorously titled "You Only Tell Me You Love Me When You're Drunk" is everything its title suggests: a little humor, a little pathos, a lot of wit, and a pedal steel guitar to highlight its country music leanings. So why do the next ballads, "The Only One," "Boy Strange," and the ill-conceived "In Denial" feel so forced? The latter, a strange duet featuring guest vocals by Kylie Minogue of all people, seems to have been written for a musical, and despite repeated plays, doesn't seem to belong here. Fortunately, the far lovelier "Footsteps" ends the album if not exactly optimistically, at least more in a Pet Shop Boys' manner.

"In Denial" would have been better-suited to the generously outfitted bonus disc (cleverly entitled "Extra") that comes with the limited edition of "Nightlife." In fact "Extra" highlights one of the Boys' greatest assets: their wonderful b-sides. This bonus disc collects the full b-sides of their European singles from "Nightlife" in addition to six remixes. Must-own highlights here are "The Ghost of Myself," "Silver Age," and their soundtrack tune, "Screaming," rescued from obscurity from the ill-fated 1998 "Psycho" remake.

—Son of Damian



100 Watt Smile And Reason Flew Thirsty Ear

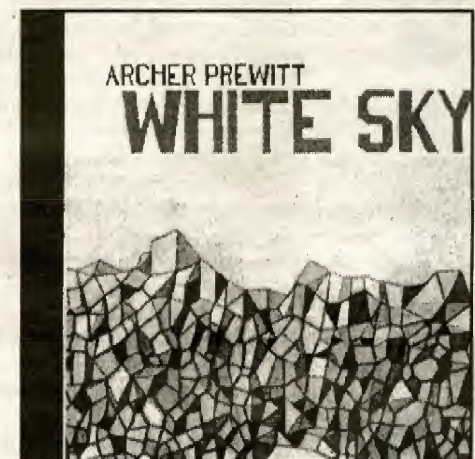
Take the Breeders give them some ludes tape what they play and put out you'll have 100 Watt Smile. Here is a group than comes a little to close to Throwing Muses for me to really embrace. Its not that I can't listen to them. I mean they don't make my eyes bleed or anything but they don't

challenge me or interest me they lull me a little make me feel safe in their well traveled journey. Unfortunately they didn't tame this land Hatefield and Hersch and Deal and Donnelly did.

—sausage king

Filibuster/ Deadly Hifi Cornerstone RAS

Well I remember when my band recorded with



Steve Albini. It was what we had always wanted. It's a funny moment when your and "underground" band and you accomplish all your goals early when you meet or surpass your goals... Case in point when Our second drummer said he knew he'd made it when he started getting the beer he wanted free at shows. At which point we kicked him out of the band. Point of this dawdle down memory lane. I don't have one. Steve Albini got his name put all over this record, much more than I am sure he is comfortable with. The record is a piece of Reggae ska punk... You know if you mixed this many influences in any other forum they'd call you disjointed and garbled... hey much like this review... which is a literal version of this record... Sublime fan's will love it, morons.

—sausage king

Velvet Acid Christ Fun With Knives Metropolis Records

With influences ranging from Numb to Sneaker Pimps, I was expecting a much different sound than what this album is in actuality. This Colorado based one-man project has definitely developed a sound of its own. The two consecutive tracks, "The Dark Inside Me" and "There Is No God," keep a very dark, almost ritualistic overtone. The latter part of the album features vocals from Luxt and Anna on "Slut," then takes a more intense turning point with the title track "Fun With Knives." And what would an album be these days without a hidden track? Track 66 embodies an 8 minutes version of "Futile," which can also be found remixed on "Velvet Acid Christ vs. Funker Vogt The Remix Wars Strike 4."

—J.Cameron

Bar Feeders Pour for Four, por Favor Fast Music Records

Here are a few words of advise. A.) Go downtown and buy a pint of Everclear or your favorite spirits of choice (If you are under 21, then just go get a big bottle of Sunny D or something). B.) Go to your favorite CD store, buy the Bar Feeders, and proceed home. C.) Turn this album up to ten. D.) Drink afore mentioned spirits. E.) Prepare for a transcendental alcoholic experience. I couldn't truly understand the scope of this album until the next day when I woke up with on the hood of my neighbors' car with no pants...

—Jeremy Cardenas

Against All Authority/The Criminals Exchange Sub-City Records

A split EP release for a good cause. Sub-City is the label known for its' involvement in community issues. This album was released by the Criminals and Against All Authority to benefit the Berkeley needle Exchange program, NEED. The songs on this album are gritty, hard-edged, and angst ridden. I would recommend this to the die-hard social activist in your neighborhood. Listen to this album, and then try to get off of your ass and do something.

—Jeremy Cardenas

The Frownies Fast Music Records

Super-fast, tight, and melodic. This album was a little more upbeat than my usual listen. Nothing really catchy going on, but all in all really solid musically. In the grand scheme of things, this is not a mind-blower, but it will make you tap your foot and try to harmonize while you're on the drive to work.

—Jeremy Cardenas

Supersuckers The Evil Powers of Rock and Roll Koch/ Aces & Eights Records

Where do I begin? If you don't know who the Supersuckers are, then I would suggest pulling your little head out of the hole it's in and getting a god-damned clue. This band is the quintessential listen if you have ever done drugs, gotten laid, or shoplifted Hustler from your local newsstand. Ever drank enough whiskey to make you want to kill someone?

This is the album that will give you the balls to do it. I can't tell you enough about how the Supersuckers will out and out fuck you up. That's right boys and girls, break out of rehab, steal a car, and get this album one way or another. Rock isn't dead, it's right here, staring you in the face waiting for your next move. Buy this CD, and let people know just how evil you can get. Turn it up, light it up, and get fucked up, the Supersuckers will be there to bail you out of jail in the morning, if they're not in the cell next to you.

—Jeremy Cardenas

The Dimwits Burning Tree Records

This group puts on one of the best live shows I've ever seen. No props, no gimmicks, no toys, just one solid, fast blur of alcohol inspired punk rock that will move you to jump through your skin and bash your naked skull on the floor. Listening to the CS, I was surprised that the energy could translate so well on a recording. If you're ever in Los Angeles, look for the Dimwits, and prepare to have your ass kicked. This listen is along the lines of the Candy Snatchers, or Darlington, as if you care...

—Jeremy Cardenas

Rage Against The Machine The Battle Of Los Angeles Epic Records

"Through steel walls, Your voice blatin on True rebel my brother Mumia, I reflect upon You be the spark that set all tha prairie fires on Make tha masses a mastodon path to trample the facists on... Voice of the voiceless"

This record surfaced in the top ten upon its release and is now at number one. The significance of this sets the stage for a new way of thinking. Intelligence and vengeance for a no compromise attack, dead on target! If you still think Rage is selling out you best pay closer attention.

Twelve cuts of classic style Rage with heavy poetic insight concerning Indigenous issues, Zapatista struggles, stickin it to the man, pirate radio and of course Mumia Abu Jamal.

"We bound to respect, cause and effect Cant ya smell tha smoke in tha breeze My panther my brother we are at war until your free You'll never silence the voice of tha voiceless"

—RU

Bob Marley Chant Down Babylon Island Records

Well its another Marley remix. I wonder what Bob thinks of all this? The engieneering on this is fantastic. I could go without some of the guests but what da ya do. I still think most people don't realize just how important Bob Marley is right now.

Flood the market, spread the word. Twelve cuts, all original Marley tracks, all-star guest line up including Lauryn Hill, Getto Youth Crew, Busta Rhymes and many more. Standouts include Rebel Music with Krayzie Bone, Survival with Chuck D and Burnin' and lootin' with the Roots featuring Black Thought, This is a great record with lots of new street beats. Cant go wrong, Chant Down Babylon!

—RU

SLUG Magazine

neither humorous nor appropriate

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Concert Review



GODSMACK



Hey yo, chitlins, Old'sCool here with a report from the Godsmack spectacle. First off let me clarify what anybody who knows me already knows, and that's the fact that I did NOT buy my ticket to this show. It was a birthday gift from my cousin. Plus they needed a ride! That's right, I refuse to spend my hard-earned ducats to support corporate rock by purchasing cd's and tix at fool price. If I like a major release, I ain't stoop-it, I dupe it! You should too if you have any self-respect. Some of the best advice I ever heard was from a Filth-punk who said: "Every dollar is a vote." Now, on with the review. I witnessed a transition of ideals and values from the old scene to the new scene. To quote Bob Dylan: "The times they are a-changin'."

Reveille (pronounced rev & a & lee) opened up this excursion with a mostly stinky set. These guys suffer from a lack of songwriting skills. Their songs are way too long for their style, which is an attempt at

that rap sorta style mixed up with grind-core scary monster growls popularized by bands like the Deftones, KORN and Limp Bizkit. (which every band seems to be trying to emulate...though for the life of me I don't know why.) The singers' little voice could barely take the strain and you could hear it by sets end. Their name is an old military term meaning: (n) morning bugle-call, etc., to waken soldiers. So I guess they fancy themselves rabble-rousers of sorts and for that I admire their ambition. At least they have revolutionary inclinations. Which is more than I can say for GS. Who only aspire to being rock-gods as opposed to being mere rock-stars, we all know that gods are bigger than stars!

The Jim Rose Circus was next up and this is where I witnessed the transition I spoke of. That and at least three people who fainted (they were warned) which I found funny as fuck. Two of them were young women and one was a burly macho-man.

Go figure! Poor Jim burned in hell. A term I use to describe the unnerving experience of performing for a crowd who are DONE watching you from an early point in the set. A position I've found myself in on more than nine occasions! I don't know what's wrong with the youth today but they were having none of the freak-show shit and began vocalizing it early on. I could almost smell the fear and confusion as Jim scrambled to endear himself to the crowd by continually referring to GS as the greatest rock-n-roll band in the world, and other such hollow epithets. I must say that I lost some respect as he attempted to suck-up to the crowd and GS. He'd have done better to ignore the taunts or to tell them all to fuck-off-and-die. After all, it was obvious the kids all paid to see GS,

so the freak-show was merely an extra-added bonus. We used to eat that shit up back-in-the-day. We identified with freaks, outcasts and other undesirables. But it seemed as if these kids were not about to compromise their "status" by relating to ugly people. Or maybe they're more sensitive than we were and were unable to derive amusement from seeing others "suffering." For our generation it was all about being freaky for the sake of shock and distinction. For this new generation it seems to be about being freaky for the sake of glamour and fashion. It's my opinion that they get this notion from our ad-culture. Which seeks and succeeds in defusing any movement potentially threatening to the Establishment by homogenizing and capitalizing on it. They know what you like 'cause they told you what you like! Whatever. It's only entertainment! After the debacle I heard one kid say he wasn't sure if he liked it or not. Maybe he shoulda asked his mom!

When I first heard Godsmack on the radio I thought that Scott Weiland had finally dunked the junk and the Stone Temple Butt-fuckers had put out a new disc. When I found out that it was GS I was pissed. If there is one thing I won't tolerate it's a band who blatantly mimics the sound of an established act in order to generate sales. Hump that crud! But, when I read that they'd sold over 10,000 copies of their self-released cd I was humbled a tad. Hell, I still have 300 of a thousand BLOODFISH cd's taking up valuable closet space! These guys were total rock-stars. Encouraging the crowd to "fuck-shit up" and other such nonsense. It was, however, nice to watch teenage girls bouncing uncontrollably fourteen feet into the air in ecstasy and hormonal release. Like so many flying-fish or penguins under hot pursuit of sea-lions. I failed to grasp the attraction and was unimpressed with their set, but there was no denying that the youngsters came to see them. The giant styrofoam gargoyles with demonically glowing eyes were neat. And so was the singer's fresh triple-X tattoo that he got to match the tour shirts. The little segment where the singer whooped it up on percussion like Sheila E in drag was rather amusing, but it's been done, and done better by bands like Dopehead and even Sidewalk Religion.

The Saltair Gestapo deserve some huge props for being extremely thorough and adept at making certain that no bibles were smuggled in. This could've been a disaster! I'd also like to send out a phat fuck-you-pig-humper to the penis who made me take my wallet-chain back to the car. He's lucky I didn't bishop-smack his ass with it for that one! In closing I'd like to say, I know it's only rock-n-roll but I didn't like it. And I oughta know! See you on the backslide, peoples.

—Uncle Shame aka Old'sCool

FIVE Questions: In Effect

To inaugurate this column I thought it would be great to talk to Ineffect. Ineffect is about as "on the street" as it gets, and I know that they can hold their own in any drinking match or pool game. When I asked around the band was described as "amphibian scatter music," and "those fuckers are loud." I knew I had to meet them and get the straight dope.

Ineffect is: Brian Edward-Guitar; Shane Hansen-Drums; Jeremy Sundaeus-Vocals; Derek Walker-Guitar; Mike WeSLCstover-Bass

SLUG: Okay, it's Friday night at Burt's Tiki, and I'm here to talk to Ineffect, Salt Lake's hottest group since Menudo. Shall we begin gentlemen?

SHANE: Shoot.

SLUG: Okay, Question #1: You have a new album, what is the title, and who were some of the influences?

JEREMY: Actually, this album is about a year old, but we didn't release it due to some financial difficulty. The title is Empty, and some of the influences would be, I'd say... Quicksand for me, but you'd have to talk to Shane for the rest of them.

SHANE: I would say... maybe, the Melvins, Faith No More, Quicksand...

BRIAN: About the old album, humm... I'm not even on that album, so I don't really know.

SLUG: Question #2: What is your favorite place to play in Salt Lake?

JEREMY: First and foremost, Burt's.

ALL: Burt's!

SHANE: The O'Town Tavern in Ogden was cool, when it was open.

JEREMY: I kind of like Getty's...

SHANE: We've never really gotten to play Liquid Joe's or the Holy Cow, or anyplace like that, so I couldn't make a call on those bars.

BRIAN: We look like we smell too bad to play those places, but we really have excellent hygiene!

SLUG: Question #3: Have you toured? If so, describe your worst tour experience in one word.

JEREMY: We went out last year, and the first show we played was Halloween night, in Merced, California. One word, I don't know how many syllables: TRANSVESTITE. Her name, or his name was Raven, but when he, or she, was in drag she went by Catalina. I don't know if I want to talk about it.

Seriously, it's funny to think that the music world is such a small one. We found that people tend to respect you when you're from 'out of town,' but ignore you if you're a local band. Ironic.

SHANE: We actually did two tours. We went out in November and in July. It's kind of hard to do when you're paying for everything, and trying to get your music out there. We bought an old van, we paid for our record, and we did it all with our own money. It's hard, but it's what we want to do.

BRIAN: We're just looking for someone with a whole lot of money to be our Sugar Daddy.

JEREMY: Actually, it would be nice to be on an independent label that could give us tour or studio support. I think that will be the next progression for our band.

SLUG: Question #4: What do you think of the Salt Lake music situation?

SHANE: Awesome, there is so much diversity and talent in Salt Lake right now. From punk to blues, anything you could want is right here. There's alot going on talent-wise. What sucks to me is that you get people coming out of the woodwork for a Bush concert, but a lot of local talent lives and dies in obscurity. Also, I would

like to see more all ages venues. The only one I can think of right now is Kilby Court. It's great that the people who have organized Kilby Court are doing what they're doing. I hope to see it develop into something really special. Playing bars is all right, but I would like to see more diversity in our audience. It seems like people don't really pay attention to the music as much when they're at the bar to socialize.

BRIAN: Bunch of drunks. People don't come to the bar to listen to music, they come to do it 'for the nookie' if you get my drift. (Laughs)

SHANE: It's sad that Utah music is so underrated.

JEREMY: We shouldn't make it sound like we think that all drinkers don't appreciate music. The majority of people who support us and our music are drinkers. What we want to push is that we would like to see more diversity. Mix the bar crowd with the all ages crowd, I think it would make for some real creative excitement.

SLUG: Okay, Question #5: What do you think would help the vitality of the Salt Lake music environment?


SHANE: Well, it seems to me that when a band begins to become a big draw or is gaining popularity, then their ego gets way out of control. People do nothing but sit and bag on Utah, and the bands that are here. It's ridiculous because usually the 'ego' band is essentially on the same level as everyone else. A perfect example of this was the Obvious. I read an article where all they did was rip on Utah and it's musicians, when they were getting their foot in the door in the 'industry'. It was lame. How far did they get? Not far. I think it's important that all bands here stick together. We should support one another. Whether it be punk, blues, metal, or whatever. If you enjoy music, go out and listen.

—Jeremy Cardenas

the
unlucky
boys

December 28
Zephyr Club

a private club for members





RANT

exponentially while food supplies grew arithmetically: he was wrong! Human population has, since the time of Malthus, grown hyperbolically! In other words, Explosively. The latest U.N. projections reflect a continued increase in world population until at least the middle of the twenty-first century, adding another 3 billion people to a world already over populated by a factor of 4.

To make matters worse, 90% of the population growth is projected to occur in the poorest countries among populations least capable of coping. At the conference noted above, the widow of Anwar Sadat went against the Mormon/Catholic tide and stated that the over-population of Egypt presented the greatest threats to the welfare of its people, most importantly, its children. Contrary to what the xtian leaders at the conference suggested, the real challenge to these countries is whether they can reduce their population growth rates fast enough to reach some stability or will they fall back even further as their population outstrips the pace of economic development, leading to increased poverty, disease, starvation and infant and maternal mortality.

Many of the industrialized countries have reached stasis, with the notable exception of the US, and our continued increased population and our dramatically increasing consumption, continues to fuel pollution and the resulting global warming and environmental damage. The other consequences that we can readily measure include a continued decline in available fresh water supplies and dramatically lower water tables, rivers that run dry (as the Yellow River, the Colorado and the Nile do today at their previous delta regions). But most alarming is that we appear to be witness to the greatest extinction of life since the dinosaurs disappeared some 65 million years ago. But we are not just witnesses to this event, we are the root cause. The principal factor of species extinction today is the destruction of habitat as mankind continues to encroach upon land needed for other species of life or to over farm and pollute the oceans and all bodies of water on this planet.

We may be seeing the beginning of the end of life as we have come to know it, but not by some Biblical prophesy, but by the hand of mankind. Human growth will slow, that is assured, but how? Will it be due to an awakening and radical shift in our present course or will it occur because nature takes its own corrective course and imposes its constraints?

—The Ranting Free Thinker

In honor of the Freedoms of Expression, thought and open inquiry as exhibited by Copernicus and Galileo, Edison, Asimov, Sagan, Vonnegut, Steve Allen and Gene Roddenberry, to name a few.

Over the past week (Nov. 13-18) religious groups have been meeting in Geneva under the banner of The Family, which seems to be the catch phrase of the day. This group, organized largely by the Mormons and Catholics, with Muslims, Baptists and Lutherans in the pews, has exhibited, with only a few notable exceptions, a trait common to organized religion which can best be described by the motto they should adopt "Do Not Confuse Our Minds With the Facts."

In spite of the evidence that the human over-population of this planet is the root cause of virtually every major threat to life, ours and that of millions of other species, from the destruction of the ozone and the rain forests, to the extinction of over 100,000 species of plants and animals in the past 50 years. These religious morons have called for an ever increasing birth rate and have shown the ignorance of actually suggesting that instead of decrying the 6 millionth human child, we should have had a worldwide celebration. One must ask, is the gene pool at their end of the pond getting so shallow?

This kind of idiocy is only exceeded by those in this country that would have creation myths and other religious dogma taught in public schools. May I humbly suggest, that because every church is indirectly subsidized by the taxpaying public because of their tax exempt status, that the scientific basis to evolution should be taught in the catechisms, Sunday schools, and "buy bull" classes. Not only that, but the historical evidence that Jesus Christ is a fictional character should be taught there and in all schools. This turn around is no more sensible than the suggestion that creationism has any basis and therefore the right to be taught along side of science.

In 1798, English intellectual Robert Malthus published An Essay on the Principles of Population in which he warned that human populations tended to grow



Sometimes a junkie transcends the norm and rises above the fodder that is the junkie / rock star. This is one of those times.

As a year end wrap we give you the most famous rock junkie of the 90's. Here are your hints.

Junkie of the 90's is from a small northwest town just south of Seattle.

Junkie of the 90's butchered a David Bowie song live on MTV, which the editor of this magazine has yet to get over.

Junkie of the 90's married his intellectual equal who oddly enough was also a junkie.

Junkie of the 90's had to get his wife admitted to a hospital so she could get off heroin while she was pregnant.

Junkie of the 90's had more trips to rehab centers than albums.

Junkie of the 90's gave himself a shotgun enema by swallowing the business end of a 22 guage rifle.

Junkie of the 90's became more famous after his death and was called a "genius" and the "Lennon of the 90's" by Rolling Stone magazine.

And a final hint... Junkie of the 90's was heralded as the creator of the early 90's term "grunge rock" and his band was also credited as the band who put an end to bands like Poison, Warrant and Motley Crue.

Yes it's the lovable martyr / victim of the decade, Kurt Cobain. Now some might say we are not being sensitive to that fact that he offed himself and that he was a hero and role model for today's youth. Christ I hope not. I hope the 90's teen population can see that Cobain's suicide was nothing more than a chicken shit act by a guy who couldn't sack up and get off drugs



even when he had a wife (junkie) and a child to father.

This is what is known as "taking responsibility for your actions," instead of running away from a situation you created because you couldn't handle it. Don't be fooled or misled, Kurt took the easy way out because he was a gutless coward. Maybe that says something about what being a junkie does to you, since his music was full of such fervor.

And as far as a "genius" or the "Lennon of the 90's," that just shows what a bad magazine Rolling Stone has become. Cobain was a piss ant compared to Lennon, and if he were truly a genius, he would have put an empty canvas behind his skull before he blew his brains out.

I wanted to use the net to answer my questions about body piercing.

ArosNet showed me how.



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happy new year

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thunderfist & the drunks



THAT'S MY OPINION

ICHAFEST THANKS, PRIMA DONNA BULLSHIT AND KEEPING IT REAL

Prima Donna n /1. an extremely sensitive, vain or undisciplined person

First let me thank everyone, who participated in making Ichabob's first Ichafest a success. Also props to Gianni and Slug Magazine for always having our back. We would especially like to thank those bands, which just wanted to play because they enjoy making music and keeping the art of music real. The bands I'm referring to, didn't have to consult their management team concerning club exclusives nor did they care about their time spot or how much jack they would make. Many thanks go to: The Relief Society, Vaudville, Blindfold, Downgrade and After Eden. You guys were great and I'm proud to know you as musicians and my friends. There are a lot of folks out there who don't know what they're missing. We would also like to acknowledge Standard Restaurant Supply, who came to our rescue and advise all restaurant and club owners not to buy from Resco. They seem

to be of the attitude that if you don't have enough jack or your not Larry Miller you don't matter. Don't buy shit from them. Which brings me to my next point, those locally signed artists and their exclusive verbal contracts.

In putting together Ichafest I encountered the so-called "signed" exclusive artist problem, which in short could be called "artist who are a legend in their own minds." This "We're signed exclusively" shit seems to be the new thing in Salt Lake. My question is, are ya signed by Warner Bros. Or Motown? Who ya signed by? It seems that if you pay enough jack to your local recording studio guy, he'll sign your ass. Hell, if you pay me enough jack I'll sign your ass up, too. Still, my question is, signed to what? Please explain to me what a local band gets when they get signed and what an exclusive verbal contract is?

Chola knows. Chola was booked or not booked (depending on who you talk to) to play at Ichafest. Four days before Ichafest, I was informed by Creative Entertainment Booking Agency that Chola couldn't play at Ichabob's because according to Chola, they had an "exclusive verbal contract" with Liquid Joe's and the Zephyr Club prohibiting them from playing at Ichabob's or any other club that didn't fit the A list or wasn't a positive venue for their pretend funk asses. After doing some investigative work I found out that this exclusive verbal contract didn't exist. I was disappointed that instead of acting like men and saying, "Hey Mike your club sucks and we don't want to play the gig," Chola acted like a bunch of little bitches and had Creative Entertainment relay some phony excuse for not playing at Ichabob's. (Don't worry Chola, Slug Magazine isn't a very popular magazine none of your fans will find out what little bitches you are.)

So the question is "What has Chola done to get an exclusively verbal Contract to play Liquid Joe's and the Zephyr Club?" and what makes them think that they're the shit? I mean they aren't that funky even by white-boy standards.

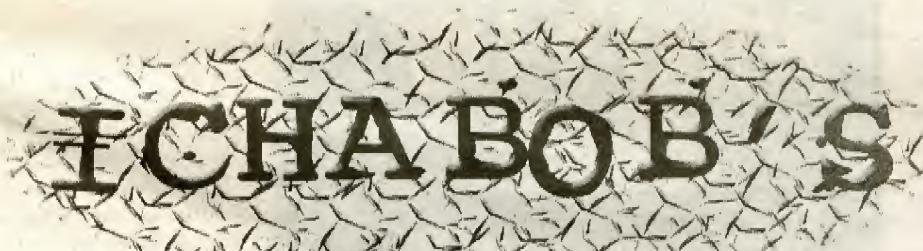
The truth is, Chola hasn't sold shit on a national level and for that matter, on a local level. And outside of Salt Lake, no-

one knows who they are. If they did, their exclusive verbal contract asses wouldn't be playing exclusively in Salt Lake, true? I mean if you look at this logically, any band who really believes they're the shit in Salt Lake City, doesn't realize that this is equal to being famous in Bullfrog North Dakota. It's like Donny and Marie. No one cares outside of Provo. I mean there's nothing more famous than watching these exclusively "signed bands," roll up in their Volkswagen Van, with their roadies (who only stick around for the free beer and 2nds on sixteen year old groupies) haul a box from the trunk of their cars containing fifty copies of their latest CD and a bunch of bumper stickers with their name on it only to find a vacant bar table to pimp their imitation funk, Oops. My bad. Original "signed" material.

In essence for Chola and other exclusive verbally signed musicians who have sold fifty six copies of their latest CD out of their Volkswagen Van and are prohibited from playing certain clubs beneath them. Take some time out from your short order cook/waiter gig or your local Walmart/CD department gig and contemplate why you became a musician in the first place? Hmmm. The music, stupid.

Before I finish I would like to pay tribute to just a few musicians who have always kept it real and as far as I'm concerned are monsters in this city and any other city they happen to be in. Ralph Mason, Gianni, Veronica Cornie, Scott and Pat Terry, Richard Romero, Perry Spight, Kevin Johansen, Steve Flygard, Henry Wolking, Rita Bankhead, Talma Gardner, Butch, Mike Devichinso, Kenneth Yarbrough, Randy Mack, Dave Bennett, Phil Miller, Rob Johnson, anyone who's played in Kid Logic or Urban Perspective, Rudy Stewart, Moon Family, Dan Morley and all the bands who continue to play at Ichabob's for no money (because we ain't got no money), and for those I've missed... Ya all are keeping it real.

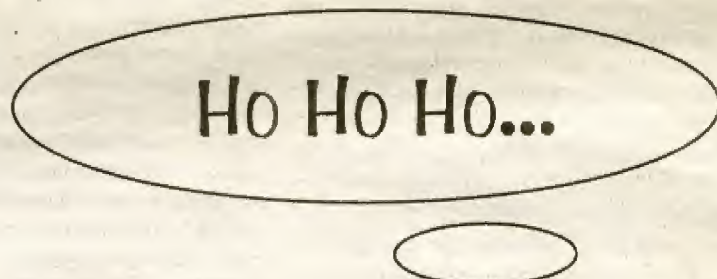
—Michael Styles



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December

8th — Vauldville & Blindfold • 9th — Relief Society & Possibilities • 11th — Thirty Alley • 15th — Cobb & Chris Zeman • 16th — Cryptobiotic & Tempure • 18th — Hip-Hop Calvary Baptist Church X-mas Food Drive
19th — Ichabob's X-Mas Party!
w/ Fumamos, Relief Society and the Possibilities
• 21st — Thithipvrath • 22nd — Relief Society • 23rd — Free X-mas Hip-Hop (4 Members)



a private club for members

SPASTIC

—J. D. Zeigler

Ed looked out of the window and saw the spastic woman in the wheelchair again. She was at the bus stop in front of the building that he worked in, and she was looking right at his office. Could she see him, he wondered? Then her head lolled crazily to one side and her gaze went, involuntarily, elsewhere. It was the seventh time in as many days that he'd seen her in various places around the city.

The first time Ed noticed the woman, he was in his car on his way to work, stopped at a red light. She was struggling to move her chair across the street before the light changed. The next day, while at lunch with his boss, he saw her in a restaurant. She was at the supermarket one evening, and at a basketball game the next. While he was out of town on an over-night business trip, he could have sworn he saw the woman in the airport. The next day, back home, Ed caught a glimpse of her getting into one of the elevators at work.

The sight of the woman creeped him out. He didn't deal very well with physical handicaps. When his own mother went into a nursing home, her Parkinson's in its last stages, his visits were awkward and increasingly infrequent.

The woman in the wheelchair didn't have Parkinson's though. He was familiar enough with its symptoms to know that. He surmised that she had Cerebral Palsy, or Lou Gehrig's Disease, or Woody Guthrie's Disease, or maybe even Stephen Hawking's Disease. Whatever it was, it left her with hardly any control of her limbs. She flipped and flopped in her chair constantly. But he had to admit she sure got around.

"See that woman down there at the bus stop?" he asked Carol, the new temp that all the guys in the office thought was hot to trot. Ed had been looking for an excuse to start a conversation with her. The tale of the ubiquitous spastic woman might be just the ticket.

"What woman?" asked Carol peering through the window's tinted glass.

"The one in the wheelchair."

Carol wrinkled the brow on her pretty face. "Don't see her," she replied, her tone implying that she didn't care to play hide and seek with him either.

Ed looked down. A bus had pulled up to the stop, blocking the view of the people waiting to get on. "Aw, heck! The bus is in front of her." He turned to Carol, but she was already gone.

The first phone call came that night at two A.M. It woke Ed up from a confusing dream into a confusing reality. Jerked wide-awake by the insistent ring, he fumbled with the receiver before he got it lined up properly with his mouth and ear.

"Hello?" he mumbled, but there was no reply. Cursing, he hung up and went back to sleep. In the morning, he thought it had all been part of the dream he'd had, until he noticed that the phone was lying under the corner of his pillow instead of on the night stand as usual. Just a wrong number or a crank call, he thought, then forgot all about it in his rush to get to work.

The woman in the wheelchair was in the lobby of his building that morning. She was buying coffee from the little concession stand there. Her back was to Ed, so he took the opportunity to examine her while he waited for his elevator. She was wearing standard female business attire: a blouse that tied in a bow at her throat, a knee-length skirt, a matching blazer, and low-heeled pumps. Her mousy brown hair was pulled back in a ponytail. A cheap vinyl

briefcase hung from the handles of the chair. It was obvious that she was on her way to work, and that she worked in the same building as him.

He couldn't see her face, but guessed from previous sightings she was between thirty-five and forty. He remembered that she was not ugly, but not pretty either. She wasn't particularly noticeable at all, except for the wild movement of her head and arms. Ed wondered how she was going to manage a hot cup of coffee. Should he offer to help her, or would that be condescending?

"Is that the woman you were trying to show me yesterday?" Carol stood near him, enveloping him in an intoxicating cloud of designer perfume. God, she was hot, thought Ed. He wanted make a good impression on her, so he decided to eschew relating the story of how the woman in the wheelchair seemed to be everywhere he was. The lovely Carol might think him callous. Instead, he took the high road of sensitivity.

"Yes, that's her. Poor thing, though you really have to admire her."

"Yeah, I'm sure she'd love to hear you say that," replied Carol.

Was she being sarcastic? Ed couldn't tell. Jesus, and he was trying to be so PC too. Before he could say anymore, the elevator's bell pinged softly, announcing its arrival, and he and Carol were swept into it by a rushing tide of office workers.

As the elevator's doors closed, Ed saw the woman waiting in the lobby for another, less crowded, car. It may have been a random movement of her head, but he imagined that she was looking from him to Carol and back again in a meaningful way.

That afternoon there was a veritable locust plague of silent phone calls for Ed. They all bypassed the company switchboard, coming directly to his line. He tried *69, but because his phone was part of a larger company network, the calls couldn't be traced.

There was no doubt in his mind that, whoever made these calls, made the call right also. It had to be someone who knew his extension number. At first he suspected one of the other guys in the office. Some of them were real ball busters. When he got the next few calls, he stood up and looked over the white walls of his cubicle. Everyone in the office was busy at their computers or doing paperwork. Only Carol was on the phone.

Well, if it wasn't someone in his office, Ed speculated, it had to be someone who knew his name and where he worked. But who would go through all the trouble of finding out his name and phone numbers? What kind of person would do that? Then it dawned on him that a stalker would. But that's preposterous, he thought. Who would be stalking him?

Immediately, the image of the woman in the wheelchair popped into his mind. Ed's intuition shouted; "Eureka!" She'd been following him all week. It had to be her. He remembered the look she'd given him and Carol just that morning. Of course the woman was obsessed with him. He shuddered. The thought gave him goose bumps. He wondered what he should do about her.

Nothing, he guessed, unless she called him again at home. If she did, then he could *69 her and report her to the police. Once he decided how to handle the situation, he felt more at ease. He took his phone off the hook and spent the rest of the day catching up with his e-mail and clearing out some orders that had languished on his desk all week.

After work, Ed's boss invited him out for a couple of beers. They talked about business and then about Carol. She and her miniskirts were the new topic around the water cooler. Since Carol hadn't spoken

with anyone about her life outside work, everything was pure speculation. When Ed and his boss ran out of fantasy driven gossip, they whiled away the rest of the evening contemplating Carol's proven physical attributes.

Ed got back to his condo around nine; lustful thoughts of Carol circling his mind like colorful butterflies congregating to mate. He was so lost in dreams of desire that he stepped right on the dead rat that was lying in front of the his door. It squished audibly and rolled, like a bag of guts, under his shoe. Ed screamed, then cursed uncontrollably for a full minute.

"That crippled bitch!" he swore to the deserted hallway, "No way is she getting away with this!"

He let himself into his apartment, fetched a plastic bag from the kitchen, and gingerly toed the dead rodent into it. Then he dropped it into a brown paper sack and stowed the mess in his refrigerator. His appetite gone, he skipped dinner. Instead, he took the longest, hottest shower of his life. After a couple of stiff drinks he watched the last quarter of a Jazz game on TV. Then, only somewhat relaxed, he went to bed expecting to be awakened in the middle of the night by a harassing phone call.

Come morning, Ed was surprised to wake after a full night of uninterrupted sleep. But that didn't change his resolve not to let the woman in the wheelchair off the hook. When he left for work he took the paper sack with him.

Luck was on his side. The woman was in the lobby buying her morning coffee when he got to his office building. Ed hung back out of sight near the newspaper stand and waited until the first wave of workers disappeared into the elevator. When only he and the woman were left in the lobby, Ed moved to the side of her wheelchair and nodded politely, clutching the sack. The

woman's head bobbed in his direction, apparently on purpose, for she said, quite clearly, "Good morning."

"Yes, nice day," replied Ed as the elevator's bell rang softly. Its doors slid open and Ed reached out and held one side with his free hand as if he was keeping them open for the woman.

"Why, thank you," she said to him as she jerkily propelled her chair into the elevator's car. Ed waited while she turned it to face forward again. Then he threw the paper sack onto her lap and snarled, "Don't fuck with me, bitch!" He pulled his hand away from the door and stepped back.

The elevator's doors closed. The last that Ed saw of the woman in the wheelchair, she was waving her hands frantically, trying to push the bag off her lap. Her expression was a mix of shock, tears, and anger.

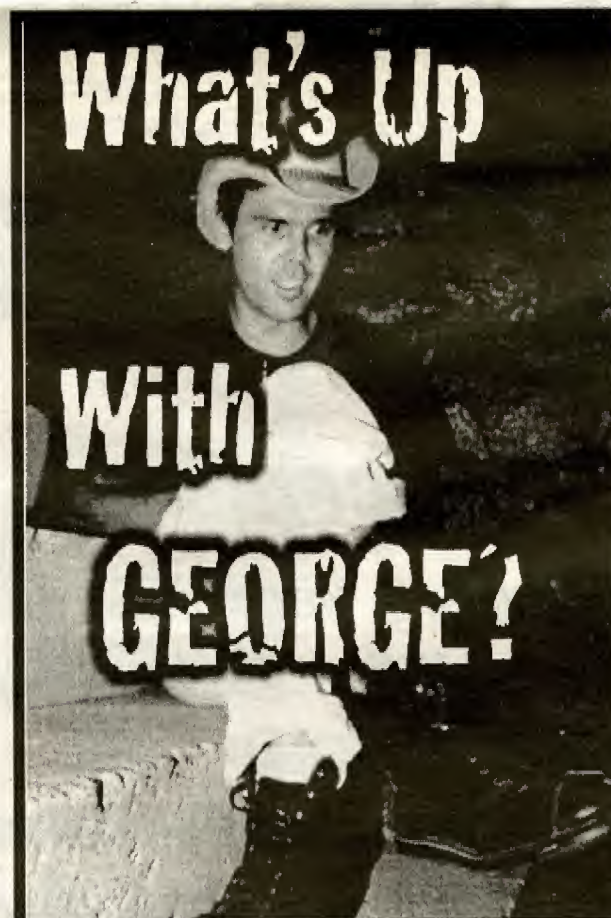
Ed didn't wait around. He rushed to the stairs and bounded up several flights before he heard the awful screaming in the elevator start. Serves her right, he thought remorselessly.

He was sweating and out of breath when he reached his floor. Before he went to his cubicle, he needed a drink of water. Surprisingly, when he reached the lunchroom, he found just about every guy in the office crowded around the cooler. They were all talking excitedly about something.

Finally feeling guilty, Ed hoped it wasn't him. It wasn't. Nobody noticed his dishevelment when they called to him, "Hey Ed, did you hear about Carol?"

"No. What about Carol?" Ed asked, hoping the woman in the wheelchair hadn't done anything bad to her.

"The boss fired her this morning. He's called the cops on her too. Turns out she was a real loony. She put a dead rat on everyone's desk before she left work last night!"



In an attempt to keep up with the helter skelter life of our good friend George, we now bring you the george monthly update... What's Up With George?

this month I got sick twice

bought a yo-yo for my niece

ate a giant swiss sausage

bought a bridge from raymond

drove past a beach boys song

rode a ferris wheel

received two threatening phone calls

signed the St. John-Farley Tube Amp Accord

found out the hard way that \$50 would have been better spent on a bag of dirt weed



PAYEMENT : It's not often I re-review an album, but sometimes it's necessary. I really liked **Internal Bleeding's**, **DRIVEN TO CONQUER** the first time I listened to it,

but due to limited space and time, I didn't do this album justice. Also, I have discovered new merits that only became evident after 100+ listenings. **DRIVEN TO CONQUER** is fast becoming one of my all-time favorites.

This band plays technical and heavy, and the song writing is interesting and even infectious. In recent email correspondence that I've had with Chris Pervelis (guitar), Chris also reminded me of the band's hardcore/crossover potential. You need to check this album out. Maybe then Pavement Records will realize what a pot of gold they are sitting on. This band could be huge. This band should be huge. Expect a new album from Internal Bleeding around July/August of 2000.

- I have really enjoyed listening to **Sodom's** twelfth album, **CODE RED**. This is the best thrash album I've heard in years. Just by the fact that this is a thrash album, **CODE RED** is nothing "ground breaking", but it is still really good. This release recaptures the intensity of the '80s thrash sound without sounding over-done.

AIR RAID : The first concert I ever went to was in Tokyo, Japan on December 4th, 1982. Joan Jett was appearing in town that night, but luckily I was down the street at the Shubuya-Kokaido to see Iron Maiden. It was appropriate that Iron Maiden was my first concert, being I was Iron Maiden's number one fan. As the years went by my musical interests wandered (Metallica) and found other avenues that jockeyed for my attention (**WHIPLASH** and **RIDE THE LIGHTNING**). By the time Maiden released **SOMEWHERE IN TIME**, that contained songs such as "The Loneliness Of The Long Distance Runner" (?) I couldn't have cared less - I was officially "off" Iron Maiden. I've never even heard a song from one of **Bruce Dickinson's** solo albums, let alone know that he's got five studio and two live albums out! The new live album **SCREAM FOR ME BRAZIL** was my first taste of "solo" Bruce Dickinson. If anything, listening to this album reminded me of how great his voice is for power metal. Bruce has also put together a damn good band. The songs are solid and quite a bit heavier than I expected. (recent discovery) Damn, I didn't realize Adrian Smith was

playing on this album! I was just thumbing through the cover and there he is. I was just about to comment about the great guitar performance on this album - Go Adrian!

PESSIMISER : The band **Phobia** is releasing the album **DESTROYING THE MASSES**. This band pulls no punches, and they better not with an album that clocks in at just over seventeen minutes. The music is driven by the hyper-speed play of the drummer. The detuned guitar work is united with the drumming to create a harsh backdrop for the also harsh delivery of the vocalist. This is extreme music that almost seems to have purpose, and demands to be heard.

SANCTUARY : I didn't even realize **Helloween** was still in existence, I haven't heard anything from these guys since the '80s. **METAL JUKEBOX** is the band's latest album and it's eleven covers. I guess that ensures that there will be at least a couple of good songs on this album. - **REAL WORLD** is the second release from the band **Dirty Deeds**. I'm sure this is way too "light" for most

of you out there, but I figured I'd throw it out to you and see if you throw it back. An excellent production, courtesy of Iron Maiden's live sound engineer Doug Hall, highlights some pretty good song writing and play.

METAL BLADE : Metal Blade is releasing a compilation of rare, unreleased and live tracks from the band **Raven**. The title of the release is **R A W TRACKS** and that pretty much says it all. If you don't get it give me a call, I'll explain it to you.

MAR-

TYR : Finally! New **Broken Hope**. The album is **GROTESQUE BLESSINGS** and deserves a spot in your collection. Since '97s **LOATHING**, Broken Hope has gone through some line-up changes, although no change to the core of the song writing team of the band was affected. Larry DeMumbrum takes over on drums, and a variety of bass players were brought in for guest spots on the release (including Brian Hobbie - **Internal Bleeding** rules!). The lyrical content from what I have seen so far lays waste to anything and everything. Nothing is too sick or demented for Jeremy Wagner (rhythm guitar, main lyrical writer) when he extracts from his brain bizarre and twisted visions and situations that turn into lyrics. I've only been able to read the lyrics for track one, "Wolf Among Sheep", because that is the only song off the current album that appears on the band's web page www.brokenhope.com. I'm sure more will follow. **GROTESQUE BLESSINGS** benefits from Brian Griffin's (guitar) increased production experience. The

result is a clean recording, letting many of the subtleties of this band through. The technical play on this release will amaze and enthrall all who listen.

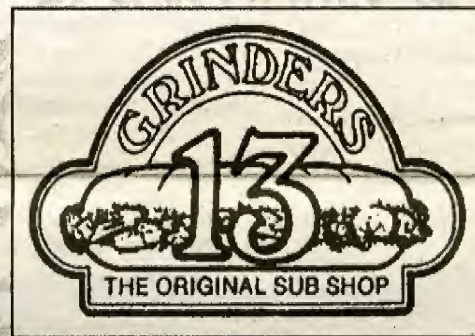
MIA : **Indecision's** heavy, hardcore sound is matched only by the band's equally hard-hitting political messages. The title of their latest release, **RELEASE THE CURE**, has to do with Indecision's belief that there is a government conspiracy involving scientifically engineered diseases used to control population growth. The second part of Indecision's theory is that the government is withholding the cure for these diseases (AIDS, cancer, etc.) until the medical community can bear the lost revenue of having a cure take away the need for medical care. In the six years of Indecision's existence, they have released three full-length albums, thirteen 7"s and average three hundred live shows per year. Don't expect this band to go away any time soon.

—Forgach



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THE DAILY CALENDAR

Sunday, December 5

Swingin' Sundays- Dead Goat
And You Know By the Trail of the Dead
w/Sandkicker and Beaumonts- Kilby Court
Bad Apple- Zephyr

Monday, December 6

Bobby Dixon- Dead Goat
Orange- Burt's
Martin Sexton- Zephyr

Tuesday, December 7

Sleepy LaBeef- Dead Goat
Project Storm- Zephyr
The Orange City Invasion w/ Ignite, Straight
Faced, Death by Stereo, and Clear- Real Ride
Skate Park
Blues Jam- Burt's

Wednesday, December 8

Pimp Grenade- Burt's
Harry Lee and the Back Alley Blues Band-
Dead Goat
Michael Mclean Forgotten Carols- Dee Events
Center
Leftover Salmon- Zephyr
Alison Brown Quartet -Harry O's(Park City)

Thursday, December 9

Gearl Jam- Dead Goat
Kung Fu Grip- Burt's
Michael Mclean Forgotten Carols- Mckay
Events Center
Leftover Salmon- Zephyr
Sautéed Mushrooms- The Cozy(Park City)
Brunette w/The Cronies- Kilby Court

Friday, December 10

Lisa Marie and the Codependents- Dead Goat
Wormdrive - Burt's
Calobo- Zephyr
Michael Mclean Forgotten Carols-
Cottonwood High
Doug Wintch- The Cozy (Park City)

Saturday, December 11

Calobo - Zephyr
Phlaymatic, Maladjusted - Burt's
Michael Mclean Forgotten Carols-
Cottonwood High
Def Leppard- Huntsman Center
Muddpuddle- The Cozy (Park City)
Fistfull, Sugarpants- ABG's
False Sense of Security- Kilby Court

Sunday, December 12

Swingin' Sundays- Dead Goat
Michael Mclean Forgotten Carols-
Cottonwood High
The Derek Truck's Band- Liquid Joe's

Monday, December 13

The Frankie Lee Band- Dead Goat
Downgrade- Burt's
Michael Mclean Forgotten Carols-
Cottonwood High
Buckcherry- DV8

Tuesday, December 14

Acoustic Night- Dead Goat
Blues Jam- Burt's
Michael Mclean Forgotten Carols-
Cottonwood High
Christmas Sing-a-Long- Delta Center
Candiria w/Clear and The Lazarus Project-
The American Fork Veterans Hall
Ranking Roger's Allstars- Harry O's
Orange Whip- Zephyr

Wednesday, December 15

Cinnamon Brown & Eskimos- Dead Goat
Spore Benefit w/Fat Paw- Zephyr
Yobbers w/Endless Struggle- Burt's

Thursday, December 16

Down Boy- Dead Goat
Jon Davey Band- Burt's
The Ataris w/ No Motiv, Hospital Food and

ECO- Real Ride Skatepark
G Love w/Jay Johnson- The Cozy (Park City)
Runaway Truck Ramp- Zephyr

Friday, December 17

Randy Mcallister- Dead Goat
Ineffect -Burt's
Jackmormons- Zephyr Club

Saturday, December 18

Donner Party- Dead Goat
Motherhips- Zephyr
Mudfly - Burt's
Clear, Know it all, Drive Blue East- Kilby Court
Caroline's Spine- Liquid Joes

Sunday, December 19

Swingin' Sundays- Dead Goat
Kind of Like Spitting- Kilby Court
Carolines Spine- Liquid Joes
Fistfull w/Olwieler- Zephyr

Monday, December 20

Smokin' Joe Kubek- Dead Goat
Fall "The Season" w/Skint and Spitting on
Ryan- Kilby Court
Wendy- Zephyr

Tuesday, December 21

Acoustic Night- Dead Goat
Blues Jam- Burt's
Windham Hill Winter Solstice- Ellen Eccles
Theatre (Logan)
Soma w/Mudfly- Zephyr

Wednesday, December 22

Thad and the Markonians- Dead Goat
Vicious Delicious- Burt's
Royal Bliss- Zephyr

Thursday, December 23

Mile Marker 16- Zephyr
Gearl Jam- Dead Goat

Friday, December 24

Ineffect- Burt's

Urban Monks- Zephyr

Saturday, December 25

Jesus is Coming- Burt's
Ritmo Caliente- Zephyr

Sunday, December 26

Swingin' Sundays- Dead Goat

Monday, December 27

Sonny Rhodes- Dead Goat
Young Dubliners- Zephyr

Tuesday, December 28

Acoustic Night- Dead Goat
Blues Jam- Burt's
Megadeth- Saltair
Unlucky Boys- Zephyr

Wednesday, December 29

The Extenders- Dead Goat
Casa Diablo- Burt's
Iceburn Double Trio w/ Joshua Payne
Orchestra- Kilby Court
Armed and Dangerous- Zephyr

Thursday, December 30

Blues Jam- Dead Goat
Sugar Pants - Burt's
Slapdown- Zephyr

Friday, December 31

Country Countdown to the Millennium-
Delta Center
The Given- Zephyr
Thunderfist w/The Drunks- Burts
Down Boy- Deadgoat
Jeff Carson- Outlaw(Ogden)

Sunday, January 2

Swingin' Sundays- Dead Goat

Monday, January 3

Someone Else's Problem- Kilby Court

Wednesday, January 5

Paris, TX- Kilby Court

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The Dillinger Escape Plan - Calculating Infinity
New Jersey's Dillinger Escape Plan unveil "Calculating Infinity", a colossal cacophony of soul-searing vocals, pile-driving riffs, unorthodox percussive punishment and scattershot speed. A psycho-overload of adrenaline soaked intensity!



Neurosis - Times of Grace
An introspective war cry, Times of Grace lures with its vivid rhythms, strikes with a siege of emotion, and consumes with abysmal force. On tour until the apocalypse!



Coalesce - 0:12 Revolution In Just Listening
Coalesce deliver suffocatingly dense, drastic music that purely annihilates. Incredibly raw, psychotic vocals incessantly punish the listener while explosively chaotic guitars and left-of-center rhythms and grooves mesmerize and manifest in the most devastating manner.



Arch Enemy - Burning Bridges
Burning Bridges is the second release from ex-Carcass guitarist Michael Amott's Arch Enemy.

Also featuring bassist Sharlee D'Angelo (Mercyful Fate/Witchery/Dismember), Arch Enemy gather the very best elements of death, thrash and progressive metal adding an incredible sense of melodic balance.



Various Artists - Never Give In: A Tribute To Bad Brains

The first and only official band approved tribute to the legendary Bad Brains featuring rare photographs, liner notes and a complete Bad Brains discography. Sixteen rare and exclusive Bad Brains classics covered by the likes of Sepultura, Vision Of Disorder, Skinlab, Downset and Snapcase, among others.



A.C. - It Just Gets Worse
Just in time for the holidays, 39 tracks from Earache's most (in)famous band! A.C. is not for the weak of heart or for those lacking a sense of humor. In the dawn of a new Millennium...It Just Gets Worse!



Indecision - Release the Cure
Brutal, honest, uncompromising hardcore from Brooklyn, NY!



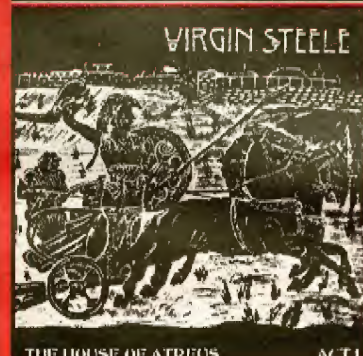
Control Denied - The Fragile Art of Existence
After 15 years of Death Chuck Schuldiner begins a new metal revolution. Featuring bass legend Steve DiGiorgio of Death/Testament/Sadus fame, drum god Richard Crispy and guitar wiz Shannon Hamm of Death, and vocal monster Tim Aymar of Primal Scream. This record is destined set a new standard in the Metal realm.



Kovenant-Animatronic
Mutating from their stark black metal days to a three headed beast welding their own unique mixture of mayhem industrial, black and traditional metal stylings. Featuring former member of Dimmu Borgir and Hellhammer of Mayhem. (Formerly Covenant of Norway)



In Flames-Colony
Fresh off their first American tour with Massive praise from Fans and Press alike. Pick up Colony to witness the Metal Powerhouse every one is buzzing about!!!



Virgin Steele: The House of Atreus I
The long-overdue domestic release on Noise Records from one the first and only true carriers of the metal torch, Virgin Steele. The House of Atreus is a heavy metal opera: an alliance of traditional and modern art.



Nocturnal Rites - The Sacred Talisman
"A heroic journey through the golden halls of Anglo-Germanic heavy metal... If you crave the epic/melodic side of traditional heavy metal, you need to hear this" - Terrorizer



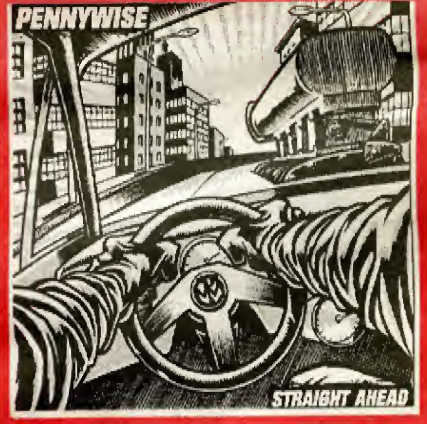
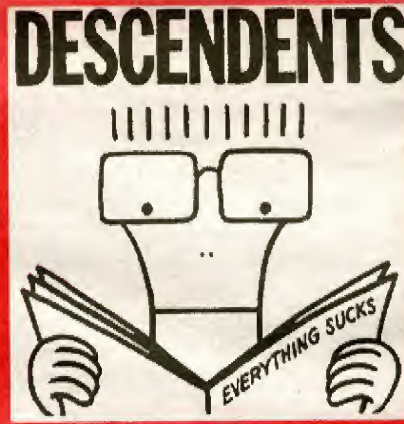
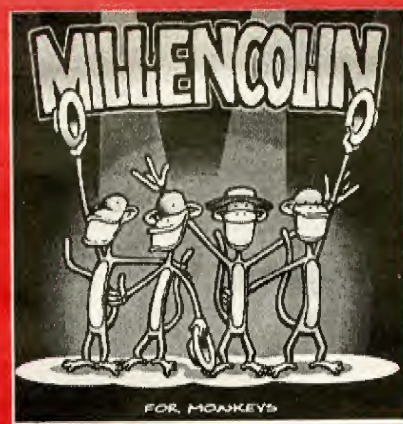
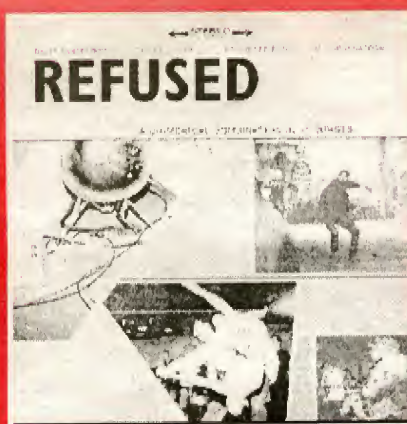
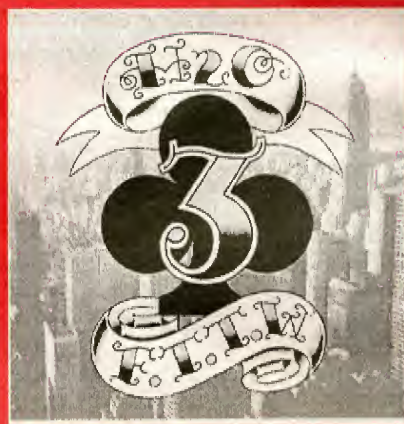
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